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CORRESPONDENCE

Temper of the People.

Sir:

We would like to suggest that George E. Sokolsky who contributed *"The Temper of the People"* (NEW OUTLOOK, April '35), and closed his article with "this country is still influenced by essential Calvinism," would turn to page No. 63 of the same issue of your paper and follow the advice of that ad—"Did you ever take an internal bath?"

Yours truly,

Mansfield, Ohio. T. J. HANLEY.

Mr. Davison, Mr. Van Nest.

Sir:

I have read the letter from Mr. William L. Davison of Springfield, Mass., as it appears in the March issue of NEW OUTLOOK, with considerable interest and sympathy . . .

When I contemplate the millions who are about to share the wealth of our land; when I add other millions who are making ready to go down to a comfortable old age at the rate of two hundred dollars a month; when I think of still other millions who are inhaling the seductive scent of the little flower growing among automobiles; and when I read the modern epic of California, I am convinced that when Mr. Davison quotes the average intelligence of our citizenry as that of a fourteen-year old child, he is being unduly optimistic.

Very truly yours,

Princeton, N. J. JOHN VAN NEST.

Halfway Mark.

Sir:

The diatribe in your editorial, The Halfway Mark (NEW OUTLOOK, Mar., '34), which is anything but intelligent criticism, would leave thoughtful critics of the New Deal asking "So, what?" There is so much you might have said on the occasion that prating about "dangerous Pandora's box," "wild men," "unfulfillable promises" and "rabble rousers" sounds like a spell-binding, mass-swaying political speech.

The Administration is too intelligent to use "that old electioneering bleat," "Don't change horses in the middle of the stream!" Mr. Hoover wore it out in 1932. The contention that the Democratic donkey has been painted red failed to grasp the public fancy. If critics would concentrate on the tremendous cost of the New Deal, they might effectively check careless spending.

Sincerely,

Greencastle, Ind. FREDERIC C. WINDOES.

Dawn Over Broadway.

Sir:

. . . I thoroughly enjoyed the Elbert Severance article (NEW OUTLOOK, Feb., '35), because of its content and truthfulness and smoothness in its writing, also because I have every reason to consider Mr. Severance one of the outstanding writers of the day. I hope you have occasion to take more of his output.

Cordially,

RENA ASKIN.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Half Truth and Innuendo.

Sir:

As counsel for Consumers' Research, Inc., our attention has been called to the article entitled "Men Who *Sell* You," published under your name [William E. Berchtold] in the January, 1935, issue of NEW OUTLOOK. In this article appears the following:

> "The case against advertising has been further documented by the Guinea Pig Engineers of Consumers' Research, headed by F. J. Schlink, who have contrived to mix fact and half-truth and innuendo into a delectable mixture which sells well to 40,000 subscribers to their confidential service and in such books as '100,000,000 Guinea Pigs.'"

The bulletins of Consumers' Research, Inc., are not a mixture of fact, half-truth and innuendo. Its ratings of articles are of two kinds: first, those based on actual tests conducted by its own staff and its technical and scientific consultants and advisers and, second, those based on expert and impartial opinion. In *The Introduction to Consumers' Research, Inc.,* which is sent to every subscriber, and throughout its publications, Consumers' Research, Inc., makes clear the distinction between these two types of ratings. As a result, every subscriber who reads its material with reasonable care is in no doubt as to whether the rating of a particular article is one based on test data or on expert opinion.

To charge that these reports are a mixture of fact, half-truth and innuendo, is a mis-statement unreasonably distorts provable facts.

Very truly yours,

VAN VORST, SIEGEL & SMITH.

New York.

Not a "mis-statement which unreasonably distorts provable facts," Mr. Berchtold's comment on the methods of Consumers' Research and the authors of "*100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*" could be heavily documented with examples well-known to those who have analyzed some of the outstanding cases of trade name assassination retailed to the consumer public.

There are scoundrels in every line of human activity, including the ministry, the medical profession and the writing of books about advertising. But it has served the purposes of Messrs. Schlink and Kallet best to hunt up a few genuine scoundrels and associate with them perfectly reputable names, thereby implying to the none too vigilant reader that the manufacturers of most advertised products are scoundrels. Their book has been skilfully written so that libel may be avoided, but a few examples will serve to illustrate their technique.

On page 4 (Fourteenth Printing),

NEW OUTLOOK, May, 1935
Volume 165 Number 5

Published monthly by Outlook Publishing Co., Inc., at Erie Avenue and G Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Yearly subscription, $3. *Entered as second class matter October 7, 1932, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Application pending transfer as second class matter to Philadelphia, Pa., Post Office.*

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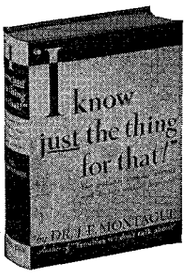

By DR. J. F. MONTAGUE

From the Contents

What Is Normal Function?
The Crime Wave in Cathartics
Name Your Poison!
Biliousness—Gallstones—Gallbladder Trouble
The Matter of Lubrication, Mineral Oil, Mineral Oil-Agar Mixtures, Water, Flaxseed, Health Foods
Gaseousness—Fallen Stomach—Adhesions
The Value of Intestinal Bacteria, Acidophilus Cultures, Bulgarian Bacillus, Buttermilk, Lactose, Dextrin, Beta Lactose, Yeast
Headaches and Dizzy Spells
Blood Pressure vs. Food Pressure
The Dutiful Diet and What You Really Eat
Pardon the Belch!
Indigestion—Acid Stomach—Ulcers
That "Schoolgirl Complexion"
The Muscle Methods, Exercise in General, Abdominal Massage, Culture of the Abdomen
Backache—Sciatica—Leg Pains
Dreams—Sleeplessness
Nervous Breakdown—Insanity—Impotence
Low Blood Pressure
Body Weight—Obesity—Reducing
What to Do for Constipation at Various Ages
Constipation—Colitis—Cancer
Unnecessary Operations

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●

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●

"This is a kind of book the reviewer wishes everybody could read."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

●

"We advise reading Dr. Montague's book. He writes for the layman, more entertainingly than any medical man we know."—*The Drug & Cosmetic Industry.*

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they say: "The Bromo-Seltzer that you take for headaches—do you know that it contains a poisonous drug which has been responsible for many deaths? Strychnine is also a deadly drug, but it is used frequently by the medical profession. The authors do not state frankly that the quantity of the ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer which may be poisonous is not sufficient to harm anyone, but by innuendo they imply that it is harmful.

Likewise, they say that Pebeco Toothpaste contains enough poison, if eaten, to kill three people, and that a German army officer committed suicide by eating a tubeful. The German officer might also have commited suicide by eating a copy of *"100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."*

On Page 24, Crisco is mentioned, followed by a long generalization on vegetable shortenings, which the reader may easily link by association to the trade name mentioned, although no direct accusation against Crisco is made. The passage on vegetable shortenings which do not liquefy at body temperature is made to appear important, although it is totally irrelevent since the pancreatic enzymes digest fats regardless of their melting point. What Messrs. Schlink and Kallet might have said is that thousands of years before they appeared on the scene, their ancestors were eating and thriving on nuts containing vegetable oils melted at more than 98.6°.

On Page 186: "Samples of compressed yeast were found not long ago to be contaminated with Streptococcus Viridans, a relatively harmless germ, but one which is not by any means to be swallowed with impunity." The authors admit the germ is harmless, fail to mention the name of the yeast examined, but depend upon linking the word "streptococcus," which readers fear, with the discussion of a yeast "advertised with a bearded scientist" to impress the advertising-conscious reader.

On Page 189: "In the September, 1932, issue are most of the above frauds and nostrums and a sprinkling of advertisements for: Listerine, Fleischmann's Yeast, Pepsodent Toothpaste" and a long list of others. The authors make no indictment of the products so listed, but by associating them with the words "fraud and nostrum" create by innuendo an unfavorable reaction in the reader's mind.

Consumers' Research itself passes judgment on a great mass of products with the greatest of ease, although its income from all sources in a year (1932 Report used) was only $94,000. More than $68,000 of this was spent for printing, postage, subscription promotion and office expenses other than editorial or technical salaries and fees. Only $7,013.20 was reported invested in "Technical Fees and Material," while an additional $18,592.47 went for "Technical Salaries." According to their own financial statement, this includes: "an average of four full-time persons and seven on from one-third to one-half time." Since no other provision in the statement was made for other executive, editorial or technical expense, the maximum spent on research was less than $26,000. The reader need only consider what kind of a research job can be done in testing and passing reputable judgment on the hundreds of products referred to in their publications with such a small expenditure.—Ed.

Treaty Language.

Sir:

Anent that bombshell *The Phantom Clause* (NEW OUTLOOK, Mar., '34), one can only wonder who trapped the writer into subscribing, you into giving space to the creation of such a phantom . . .

. . . The English version of Article 231 (Part VIII of the Treaty of Versailles), states expressly . . . ". . . accepts the responsibility . . . for causing all the loss and damage . . ." Anyone who masters German as well as English will admit that the translation of the Brockdorff-Rantzau Committee of *"for causing"* as *"als Urheber"* is essentially true and correct. An academic discussion might arise whether it would have been better to use *"fuer die Verursachung,"* but the sense, the meaning of the clause, *"als Urheber fuer alle Verluste und Schaeden"* remains what it is in English. *"Urheber"* can only be translated as "originator, author, instigator, 'causator.'" To translate *"Urheber"* with "Primary authors of the war," i.e. to add four words to the one authentic equivalent, is deliberate falsification, or, one may conjecture allowing oneself to be victimized by the perpetrator of an untimely jest . . .

G. SASSE.

New York City, N. Y.

Language, especially legal and treaty language, is admittedly an imperfect medium for expressing thought. The researches conducted by Mr. Hickok and upon which his story *The Phantom Clause* was based was made into the minutes of the various committee debates leading up to the actual writing of the Treaty of Versailles. This evidence seems conclusive that it was not the intention of the majority of the framers to put the charge of *"war guilt"* upon the Central Powers. The now famous Article 231 had as its sole purpose the establishment of the fact of reparations, a claim which the German

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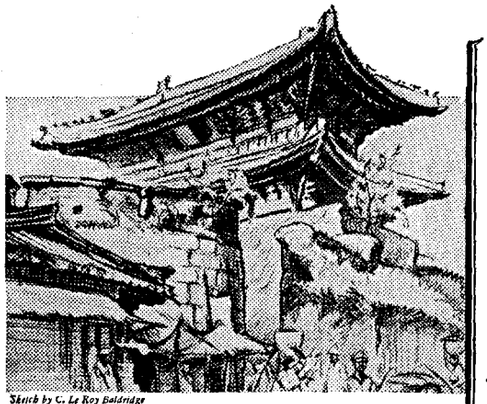

Sketch by C. Le Roy Baldridge

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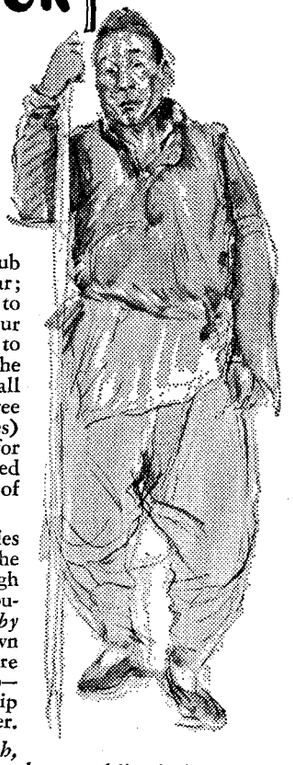
—DOROTHY CANFIELD



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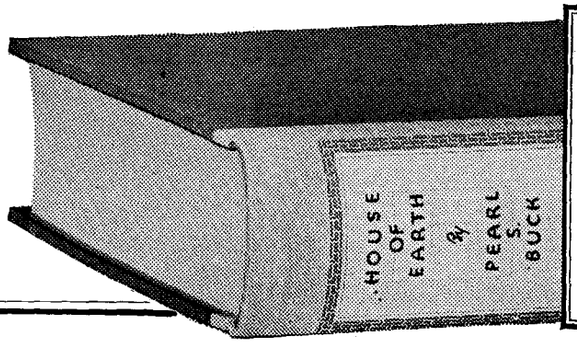

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representatives agreed to even before the signing of the Armistice. Yet with the delivery of the German-made German translation of the Treaty to the Weimar Assembly, the Assembly, and subsequently all Germany, complained (and continues to complain that the Reparations Article is a "war guilt" confession. This is the Phantom Clause.—Ed.

Battle of the Wave Lengths.

Sir:

I believe the article written by Mr. William E. Berchtold which appeared in NEW OUTLOOK of March, 1935, is probably the best written account of the wave-length situation which has appeared to date.

Mr. Berchtold shows the difficulties they are encountering in Europe and also states that their problem is more acute and that there is more interference in that part of the world than in the United States. Europe very definitely limited itself in the matter of the width of the channels which is merely another indication of how politics may interfere with scientific development. In Europe it is particularly difficult because of the many different nationalities and the well-known nationalistic feeling that exists there. However, if you take all of these factors into account, the Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion at Geneva did a remarkable piece of work in obtaining some sort of regulation and division of facilities.

The greatest difference between the quality of European programs and those in the United States is due to the different temperaments of the people inhabiting these territories. The American people, and I am including the Canadians, would never feel satisfied to have programs given them for "their good." Our competitive method assures a constant striving, not only between stations or networks, but also by the sponsors of commercial programs, for bigger and better programs in order to create a favorable response. This method assures the public that it will receive what it desires, because its reaction is the final test . . .

I can make no critical comments concerning Mr. Berchtold's article, for I believe he has done an excellent job.

Very truly yours,
C. W. HORN,
Director of Research and Development,
National Broadcasting Co.
New York.

Our Outlook.

Sir:

I am writing to you to cancel my recent subscription to the NEW OUTLOOK, as I find it is the same old Outlook, your magazine is merely partisan.

I have no objection to constructive political criticism, but have no use for meaningless abuse of the present Administration.

Yours truly,
MRS. J. FONDILLER.
East Orange, N. J.

Who Train the Young Idea.

Sir:

I have read with mingled interest and astonishment the article, "They Train the Young Idea," in the February issue of your magazine. I have no connection in any way with the Nursery School movement, but I have known fully of the development of these schools almost from their inception.

This quite intimate, though entirely unofficial, knowledge of the work has caused me great amazement that Mr. Cedric Fowler, should feel competent to write on this subject with such limited information historically on its early phases as to lead him into the blunder of the complete omission of the names of three outstanding pioneers in Nursery School education in this country: the late Harriet Johnson, Dr. Abigail Eliot of Boston, and Dr. Patty Smith Hill, Director of the Department of Nursery School, Kindergarten-First Grade Education of Teachers College, and Professor Emeritus of Columbia University.

Miss Johnson was, for years, the most noteworthy experimental leader in the movement, her work being now perpetuated at the Nursery School under the auspices of The Bureau of Educational Experiments at 69 Bank Street, New York. She was also regarded by most well informed critics in this field as the most profound thinker in the Nursery School movement in this country or abroad. Her book, "Children In The Nursery School," has been generally accepted as the classic treatment of this form of early education.

While I agree with Mr. Fowler that it is difficult "to assign strict historical precedence to one institution or one leader" it is generally accepted that the introduction of the Nursery School into this country must be credited to Miss Johnson, Dr. Eliot, Miss Edna White and Professor Hill who opened experimental Nursery Schools at practically the same time. Dr. Hill, however, was one of the first to establish connections with the movement in England, the country of its origin, by inviting Miss Grace Owen, one of the two great Nursery School leaders in England to come to Teachers College, Columbia University for several years, bringing with her her own trained demonstrators. Teachers College has furthermore maintained continuously under the direction of Miss Hill, a department for training Nursery School teachers and has probably trained a greater number of such teachers than any other institution in this country.

The omission of Patty Smith Hill's name gives a still further example of Mr. Fowler's limited information in that she was the organizer and first president of the National Association of Nursery Schools. It might further be interesting to Mr. Fowler to learn that several of the younger leaders in the movement mentioned in his article, received their first training at Teachers College under Professor Hill.

No mention is made of Dr. George Stoddard, successor to Dr. Bird Baldwin, as director of the Child Development Institute of the University of Iowa, one of the pioneer movements of pre-school education in this country. Professor Stoddard has also served as President of the National Association of Nursery Schools. His successor, the present incumbent, Dr. Mary Dabney Davis, also receives only scant notice in Mr. Fowler's article, where she is referred to as if she were a collaborator of Miss Grace Langdon, although she has for years served as expert in charge of Nursery School, Kindergarten, Primary Education in the Office of Education at Washington.

No direct reference to Dr. Abigail Eliot, one of the three pioneers referred to above, is made, although she still serves with distinction the Nursery Training School of Boston which she founded immediately upon her return from studying in England with the late Margaret McMillan, whose great work has been so faithfully promoted since her death by Lady Astor. No doubt Lady Astor would be surprised to learn from Mr. Fowler that "to date only a handful of Nursery Schools exist in England!"

The detailed information could perhaps be of use to Mr. Fowler (if he still aspires to the position of historian of the Nursery School movement), who has apparently yet to learn that any purported historic account of a movement should begin at the beginning and in the case of the Nursery Schools of this country should begin with the names of the pioneers, HARRIET JOHNSON, ABIGAIL ELIOT, AND PATTY SMITH HILL.

"Unsigned."—
New York City, N. Y.

NEW OUTLOOK's group-personalgraphs, depicting the personalities and biographies of groups of persons

(*Continued on page 58*)

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NEW OUTLOOK

"Who sees the trends anticipates the news"

Keys to the Future

Our Key Department has turned antiquarian on us this spring, and on the seemingly logical ground too that the Past often produces the most logical keys to the Future. . . . We were, at the moment, puzzling about the possible outcome of the current Washington mania for government yardsticks to measure private business. And, believe it or not, we found that the past held an answer to that one, too. It seems there has been such a "yardstick" in existence for 106 years, and it hasn't worked very well either. . . . Next, a key to the future of Cuba was sought in the past of three men. . . . Then we had another question: Will the government get a dollar value for every dollar spent on the "4 billion 8"? The inside story of Ickes's Ogpu, the Secret 600, which protested the spending of last year's "3 billion 3" would indicate real safety for the new appropriation, the largest in the history of the nation; but will Secretary Ickes's policy of honesty be continued? . . . Then as spring lengthens into summer there will bloom again along the roadsides of the nation, but in greater profusion than before, a retailing problem for which many states are now seeking a solution. . . . The motion picture exhibitors, too, and likewise the men engaged in the theatrical business and the publishing business find themselves confronted with unique, emergent problems this spring. The former are worrying about the "non-theatrical motion picture;" the latter are becoming concerned over the business mania of giving things away free.

MAY, 1935

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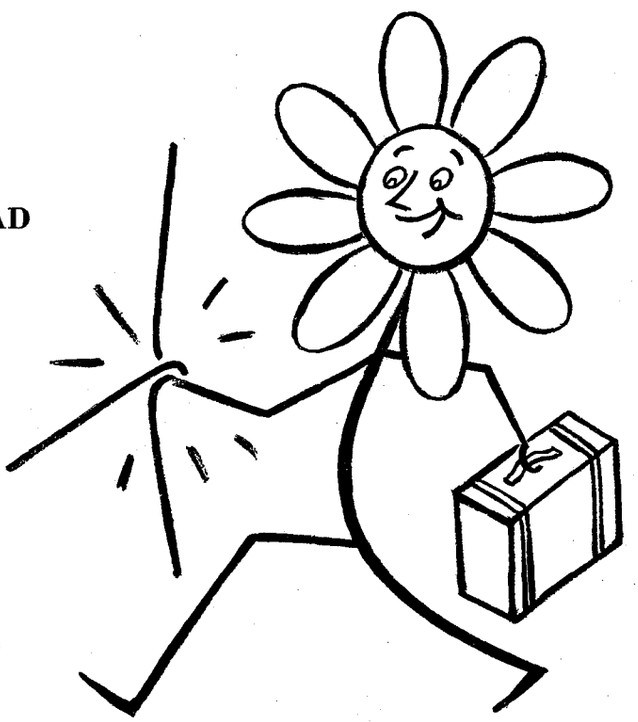
Sleep like a Kitten AND ARRIVE Fresh as a Daisy



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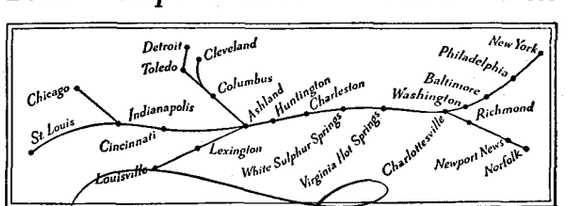
Next time you travel, ride on The George Washington—the most wonderful train in the world. It is named after the founder who gave to Chesapeake and Ohio its guiding principle...

"Better Transportation between East and West"



George Washington's Railroad

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO Lines

Original Predecessor Company Founded by George Washington in 1785

1785 • ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY • 1935

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NEW OUTLOOK

Editorial

VOTING STRENGTH

IF IT IS TRUE, as increasingly stated, that the one sixth of the nation now appallingly on unemployed relief rolls, will vote the Democratic ticket at the next presidential election, because it wants the dole to continue, this first half of the first term of President Roosevelt must go down in our history as a period of unparalleled bribery and corruption of American citizens.

It is difficult to believe, however, that the American citizen, beaten down by the aggravated circumstances of a prolonged Depression, is so lacking in discernment as not to see that this relief money is in reality only part of his own funds that he originally paid to Government for more regular purposes. It is difficult to believe, moreover, that the American citizen, weakened though his strain may be by unworthy recent incursions from abroad, is today so lacking in the independence and self-respect that characterized his fathers, that he would pledge himself to any such arrangement, especially one that saddles a heavy burden of debt on children as yet unborn. If he is indebted for anything, it is to his country and not to the Democratic Party.

Still further, it is incredible that the leaders of the Democratic Party as a whole, would so far under-estimate the intelligence of American voters as to suppose that in the remaining two years of this Roosevelt Administration they would not come to realize the true character of their plight and where to place the responsibility for it. It is incredible; and yet to overreach is quite consistent with the other actions of a political machine that moved in, bag and baggage, with its successful candidate.

Its steam-rolling methods began before the inaugural and have continued unceasingly since. Even now, when its fabric of wasteful experiment in time of national emergency is admittedly crumbling in so many places, its leaders have the affrontery to ask the citizens to stand by it on the brazen plea that the country is too far committed to turn back without irreparable damage.

There is no longer any real doubt of the advantages of a two-party political system in the United States of America; but its efficient operation heretofore has been timed for the close of the presidential term when it was proper to express public opinion on what had been accomplished. During the term, it has been maintained, there should be no political jabberwocky, but full cooperative action for the good of the people. Instead of that, it would seem that scarcely one important measure has been enacted into law by the party in power without weighing it first for political effect. In that deplorable conception of government alone, the long-suffering citizen who now is expected to ride to the rescue has been betrayed.

When Andrew Jackson was elected President in 1828, he instituted the so-called "Spoils System," as a necessary expedient to overcome the deadlocks of the irreconcilables then in politics—legislators opposed not always to him but to each other, and at a time when the nation was still forming. He used this power for the good of the nation and not for the aggrandizement of a party. On the other hand the motives in the present case are so far suspicious that on these leaders rests a peculiar, grave responsibility—to prove that they did not place the nation under a gigantic extra load of debt for generations to come just to try to obtain six years more of Democratic patronage.

Of course, apart from any defense that they may set up, the voters will have something to say about it. The Constitution provides for that.

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• The World in Five Spheres •

PRESS

IT IS THE OPINION of Mr. Walter Lippmann, writing his *Today and Tomorrow* comment of April 18, that the peace of Europe is "being maintained at the moment by the very vagueness of the official announcements made at Stresa.

"They were noncommittal," writes Mr. Lippmann, "because no great power in Europe today has a government which knows how far it can commit its people. . . . It is by this very uncertainty that for the time being the peace of Europe is being preserved."

It is axiomatic that at international peace meetings such as those held at Stresa and at Geneva, but particularly at the latter center of conferences, little that is ever arrived at, be it secret or open, is arrived at openly. But if the keeping of the peace of Europe, such as it is, is done in cloakroom conferences, even more so is the news reporting of these events done in the same place. The two offices naturally are never performed at the same time. Much vagueness and confusion consequently results in the understanding of the outside world as to what was actually done or achieved at "that last conference, you know? Yes, the last one. Was it at Geneva?"

(*Continued on page* 60)

BOOKS

IN THE PAST few years the nearest approach to a literary school in American creative life—with the exception of the proletarian writers whose purpose is frankly political—has been the emergence of the Southern novelists.

In one respect, the fiction of the Southern novelists has dominated the spring book season, just as Freeman's life of Lee has been outstanding among the biographies. Thomas Wolfe's *"Of Time and the River"* stands out, despite its weakness and occasional tiresome bombast, as the most original of the new novels, and the one most likely to influence contemporary American fiction. Hamilton Basso's *"In Their Own Image,"* dealing with the free-for-all smart-set doings of Aiken, North Carolina, although it has received little of the enthusiastic comment devoted to Wolfe's book, reveals the quiet and sure progress of a writer who is perhaps more familiar with the South as a whole than any of his contemporaries and rivals. Barry Fleming's *"Siesta"*—though not nearly so impressive as the other two novels, deals with a typical Southern village, and gives to it a unity that could scarcely be detected in any comparable Northern town.

The other Southerners deal with little local islands — Stark Young writes of Mississippi, and occasionally of Texas and Louisiana; Tate and Caroline Gordon of Tennessee; while Wolfe gives the impression of being thoroughly lost and miserable as soon as he gets beyond the city limits of Asheville, North Carolina.

(*Continued on page* 60)

RADIO

ONCE IN A LONG WHILE, like other sectors of the show business, radio finds a natural. When that happens — when the impresarios stumble on something which pleases everybody and offends almost nobody—there is much rejoicing and a very understandable effort to make the most of it, while it lasts.

Such is the case with radio's newest big discovery, the amateur hour. At the present moment, you can turn your dial during any week you happen to be in the mood to at least four hours of the amateur revue on the big national stations. Smaller broadcasters offer even more.

Radio executives are reporting more audience response than comes to any other program. More people telephone, more people write or telegraph to their stations expressing approval, interest or dislike than stir themselves for all other items on the radio diet.

Like other important developments in the history of civilization, the establishment of the amateur hour as a leading feature in ear entertainment is to a considerable degree traceable to the efforts of one outstanding man. Of course, there are always forerunners and co-discoverers, but it is generally agreed that Columbus found America, that Newton worked out gravitation, and Major Edward Bowes, of New York, and the world, put the amateur revue on the radio map. True, the

(*Continued on page* 60)

STAGE

MAYTIME on the Broadway of 1935 should greatly hearten those rugged individualists who deplore the passing of the "good old days" on the rialto. Thirty years ago (and less), the merrie month for thespian as for playgoer was a time of packing up for vacations at the mountain and shore resorts, and for the troupers on the road a welcome return to the sidewalks of the home theatrical district. The continuing attractions were of the frothy, musical kind. All of these characteristics are to be remarked of Broadway now, with especial modifications.

A few new "straight" plays—that is, non-musical—have come to test their chances in the Fall; but most have retired quickly in abashed confusion to the cemetery peace of

(*Continued on page* 62)

SCREEN

IT IS A GOOD SIGN when all things come in due proportion, especially in the theatre, which is a reflection of the public state of mind. When there are too many tragedies, relatively, or too many dramas of horror—or too many farces, for that matter—it means that the citizenry is neither hysterical nor dead, partaking of its recreation pleasantly and with proper division of interest. That, we are pleased to report, applies to the screen for May. There is, in the list of current talkies, a healthy balance.

The trend toward the good old standbys, reported in this place as much as a couple of months ago, is still in evidence, but not now in the lead. Its chief manifestation, mainly because of the eminence of its star, George Arliss, is Bulwer's *"Cardinal Richelieu,"* theatrically effective as it always has been in the

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Our Worst Monopoly

by Carroll Tillman

In a day of feverish activity by the New Dealers to create a yardstick to measure and demonstrate what a public utility should be, the government, declares this author, harbors a horrible example of how business should never be run.

●

THE AVAILABILITY AND AUTHENTICITY of the Federal government's first, great venture in the field of public utility service, founded in 1829, for officially measuring the usefulness of private corporations is unfortunately being lost sight of in the present, spend-thrifty, New Deal scramble to create newer public utility yardsticks.

A survey of the long history of the United States Post Office Department suggests that it is perhaps the best "yardstick" which could be constructed for such measuring work. The fact that it is now operating in the full flower of perfection after 106 years of experience is a strong additional reason for its use as a measure showing how the Government obviously believes public service can be modelled to strict lines of economy and efficiency. The fact, too, that the Post Office Department is also a "holding company," in the 1935 Congressional clarification of that term, has caused several layers of ancient dust to be brushed aside as the record falls open to our scrutiny.

A model public utility, privately managed and owned by the citizens of the United States, is fortunately at hand and is patiently waiting to be measured by the standards which the government has enunciated in current legislation, but which have long been visible in Public Utility Yardstick Number One.

Coincidence, similarity, parallelism and exactitude must be the characterizations which best describe the daily business of the United States Postal Service and the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, because each one undertakes to deliver messages privately and swiftly from person to person, in even the most remote location, and at all hours. And they each deliver (this will be proved later) exactly the same number of messages annually.

The carrying of messages is the greatest public utility service in the world. It is an expression of genuine "public utility" which dates from aboriginal signal fires and tomtom beats, to carrier pigeon wings, to post horses, and is now attaining maturity of purpose in transatlantic telephony, air mail and inter-ocean cables. Messages written or spoken are the vitalizing red corpuscles in the bloodstream of civilization. Indeed all other forms of public service must be subordinated to the universality of the communication urge.

Hence it is fitting that Public Utility Yardstick Number One should rest its roots in the most commonplace and universal service that a public can require. The Post Office Department renders its service in the one way common to all time; the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in a new way of its own devising, each with almost equal penetration and scope. The latter developed a new tool, the former sharpened an old one. They may be compared and they should be compared. Let us bring the yardstick and the cloth together.

Only three definitions are necessary to unlock the full meaning of the entire argument involved for "holding companies," "public utilities" and

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their "yardsticks." Hidden in this triple base ideaology lie complete the cheerless consequences of Communism; and although that phase cannot be expanded here, most citizens are, nevertheless, sufficiently conversant with the implications.

Here is a brief description of what is meant by "Public Utility" taken from the dictionary of common sense:

What Is a Public Utility?

INDIVIDUALIZED, identical and personal services which the individual unaided cannot perform in his own behalf, but which can be had cheaply and securely only because many other citizens are simultaneously supplied with the same service, is probably the best definition of a public utility. Such service, with no variation in "the quality detail," properly satisfies an innumerable host of users. This satisfaction is possible to supply because of the similarity of each individual's requirements in the small conveniences of daily routine. The manufacture of high silk hats could never be classed as a "public utility" because few individuals require this product at one time, or on a universal scale. By the expertly developed public utility method of serving the aggregate requirements of the community, all costs are reduced to a low unit figure. An individual may use these modern services in an almost unlimited degree without any serious drain on his pocketbook. No other products in commerce are so uniform in quality, or so prompt in delivery.

But the difference between supplying a public utility service for yourself and buying it at the hands of a public utility corporation is the difference between paying a ten cent subway fare and buying a motor car and providing for its upkeep; and between mailing a letter to San Francisco for three cents and delivering it yourself on horseback.

It is easy to see that both postal service and telephone service answer perfectly all of the fundamental conceptions underlying public utility standards. This is perhaps why Congress has appropriated $750,000 to investigate the telephone holding company first. Next to the postal service it is the most important public utility.

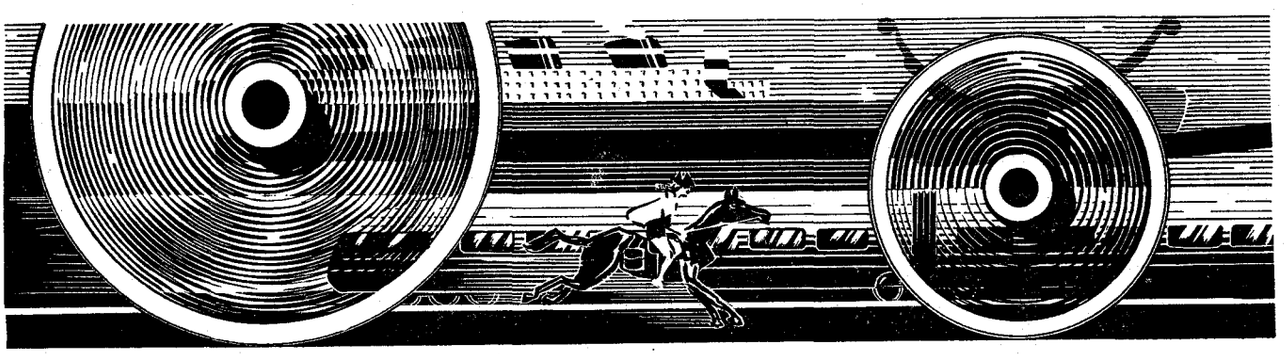
In Washington, Senators describe a "holding company" as a corporation which has acquired many smaller corporations for the unholy purpose of making profits additional to those found in the main enterprise. Politicians claim that the acquisition of these many smaller corporations operate against the public interest by inspiring a complete monopoly; they are able to lift prices and, thus equipped with more profits, to increase an offensive industrial penetration through the acquisition of still further operations diverse in themselves and to the main enterprise, and often widely separated geographically. It is contended that this condition limits the ability of competing and smaller organizations to circumvent the oppressive wiles of these often huge "holding companies." Implicit in the general accusations against such companies is the innuendo that their bookkeeping is not all that it should be, and that their profits therefore, while substantial and even exorbitant, nevertheless do not come to public view. They are hidden in the records of the subsidiaries—so it is held.

Considered as Public Utility Yardstick No. 1 the Post Office Department should also, of course, answer to the present day political description of that wicked octopus—the "holding company." Therefore our "yardstick" should be entirely owned by the Federal Government, and its equipment and facilities should have been bought with the taxpayers' money. It should perform its services at a rate so low and be a monopoly so complete that every individual must supply his wants within its schedules. In doing this he should have the full knowledge, however, that the utmost in honesty and efficiency had been attained, and that the "rates" were "fair" and "in the public interest." But he should beware, however, of "official propaganda" designed to enforce this latter point of view.

Hit By Its Own Indictment

IN THIS sense it is possible to prove a clear case against the Post Office, as a "holding company" liable in every one of the accusations that has been levelled against private enterprise. A "yardstick" must duplicate the enterprise to be measured so closely that the electorate will see that the comparison is fair because of the similar services rendered. No yardstick that the government now contemplates can equal in public esteem one which has been in existence so many years. Its application to a holding company, particularly one that has had so many years to become rooted in the alleged practices which may easily be determined to be obnoxious by the yardstick, is further support for the comparison of the Postal "yardstick" with the Telephone holding company.

In every-day life the yardstick is usually applied



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to objects which are regular in their shape. When they are applied to the United States as a whole we must at once reduce our irregular country to blocked formality.

With these considerations in mind we may now justly apply Public Utility Yardstick No. 1 to Public Utility Holding Company No. 1.

Thus in land miles the United States is 1,724 miles square. In each of the resulting square miles 41.3 persons reside. Remembering this, we find that the telephone service has spread a fine wire screen of communication over this great area, wherein each strand represents a telephone wire efficiently interconnecting its many instruments.

The Omnipresent Telephone

THE distance between each North and South, and each East and West, wire is about 400 feet; and if all of the wires were brought from underground and from their coiled positions everywhere and spread over roof and treetops, no aviator could successfully descend through the relatively fine meshes thus made by the 80,281,000 miles of telephone wire now in use. So comprehensive is this service that one telephone instrument will be found in every alternate mesh, which means that no matter where you stand, you are always within 800 feet of telephone connection. Each instrument is of daily service to seven and one-half persons. Telephone service consequently serves more people individually than water, electricity, or gas light utilities. Only the Postal Service "holding company" reaches more people, for it reaches each and every citizen under a definite duty to do so, no matter what the difficulties. And as with telephony, it is the sender who pays the bill for each message propelled. It is free to the recipient.

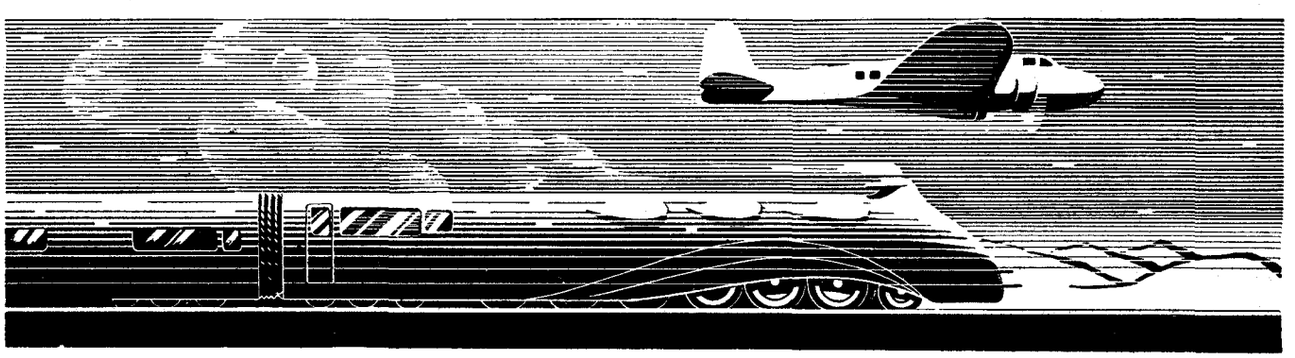
The Telephone Company provides communication of the utmost availability where it concerns about 75 to 80 per cent of the population. The remaining citizens must go to some small effort to use these facilities, but in 90 per cent of these cases it merely means a walk to the corner store. The number of people who experience inconvenience in using telephone service is about equalled by those who live on our remote insular possessions, or in mountain fastnesses, or at sea, and who thus unavoidably have slow or poor mail service. In behalf of a class of citizens with foreign connections the government already incurs a loss expense of $31,147,495.07 on account of these overseas customers.

Now the network of communication laid down by the Postal Service is necessarily represented by the total mileage of the routes traversed by city letter carriers and rural free delivery carriers. We find the strands of such a network four and one-quarter miles apart, compared with 400 feet apart as for the telephone company. Nor does the Postal Service provide the exact enumeration of street deposit boxes in the same manner as we know precisely that on December 31, 1933, there were 16,600,000 telephone instruments in use. Nevertheless, post boxes are less numerous—corresponding to the smaller number of meshes in the postal network—yet serving as message receptacles in the first instance which is similarly true of telephone instruments.

The wire screen of telephonic communications is propped up over our 1,724 square miles of national territory by the equivalent of one pole at each corner of each square mesh. The communication screen of the Postal Service is supported by one mile of railway mail, steamboat, power boat, or airplane travel for each 119 poles of the Telephone Company. If a telephone pole is taken to be forty-five feet long, then both communication nets are equally supported with one prop at each intersection of the communication strands. That this parallel may be complete, we find in attendance on each screen about the same number of employees proportionately, or 270,660 for the Telephone Company and 229,646 for the Postal Service. The total payroll for 1933 (the last complete fiscal year) was $357,287,000 for the Telephone Company and $431,989,312 for the Post Office Department, making the wages paid postal workers 20.9 per cent higher than those for telephone workers, which is due largely to the greater preponderance of switchboard operators at pay commensurate with the simplicity of their tasks.

The Post Office Parallel

IT MUST be remembered that the chief telephone service is the short local call. The main postal service is the first class mail. This provides 70 per cent of the revenue in the first case and 56⅞ per cent in the second case. This embracing comparison is close enough easily to allow domestic and transatlantic telephone toll service to be compared with the revenues of registered letters, special delivery, foreign mail and other special services by the Post Office. Beside, they both are forms of communication.



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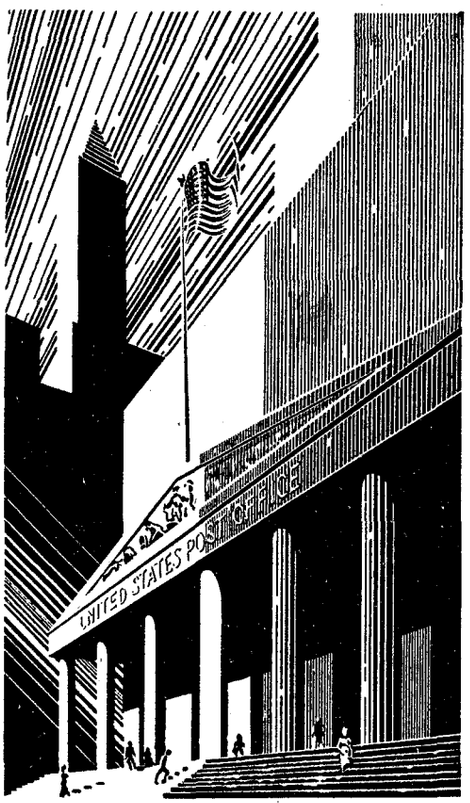
Therefore no violence is done to statistical truth to say that the average cost of the 20,900,000,000 telephone calls made in 1933 is four and one-eighth cents and that the 20,625,826,599 postal messages were carried at a cost to the consumer of two and one-half cents. The number of messages carried by each is identical—within one and one-third per cent. The test of the popularity of these two modes of communication is revealed by the fact that the average citizen receives fourteen and one-fourth telephone calls per month, while on the other hand he receives fourteen pieces of postal matter per month. His letters cost 35 cents for that period and his phone calls 58¾ cents.



Profits

THE parallel in the physical element of public utility service enumerated above is not complete without a quick sketch of a few simple dollar and cents comparisons.

Despite the similarity of purpose in both equipment and personnel it is the contention of the government, simplified to exactitude in this sentence, that a profit of 59 cents on a $4 telephone bill is exorbitant. It is claimed that a profit of 59/100ths of a cent on a 4 cent telephone call is iniquitous, when compared with the 95/100ths of a cent profit on the mailing of a first class letter to San Francisco. The Post Office takes a profit of 33⅓ per cent on a two and one-half cent sale, but the Telephone Company is wrong to take a profit of 14⅞ per cent on a four and one-eighth cent sale.

In order that these figures may be made entirely proportional and comparative it can be said that if the rates per postal message were lifted to the rate per 'phone call, it would have been necessary for the Post Office to report a gross annual income in 1933 of $850,815,000 compared with the Telephone Company's income of $882,119,377. In this comparison the Post Office Department would have proportionately reported a deficit of $78,850,000, while for carrying the same number of messages the Telephone Company would still have received a profit of $128,584,948. By this difference of three and five-eighths per cent in receipts the Telephone Company would more cheaply have served its patrons on a per message basis. Yet one company makes a profit, and the other a loss, despite the fact that on some services the Post Office takes a profit of 33⅓ per cent.

Now it may be pointed out here that wherever the postal subsidiaries lose money they have almost invariably charged more for the same service rendered by private citizens, or needed a subsidy to prevent higher charges. The citizen pays more for the same service if he patronizes the Post Office instead of the citizen competitor, and he must pay additionally in taxes to make up the increased postal deficit. This is called robbing Peter twice to pay Paul once. Or do they call it "two-timing?"

Conforming to the specifications of Senatorial tirades on holding companies, we find our own Post Office Department "holding" and "operating" within well defined and recognizable limits and following extraneous enterprises, each and every one competing with similar occupations already established by plain citizens. It is passing strange that six of the ten "holding company" competitive activities of the Postal system should be in the much maligned banking field. The sixth item has just been added, that of "brokerage" in selling Baby Bonds "over the counter" to the ultimate investor.

Side Lines

WE THEREFORE find the Post Office Department in the following businesses: Domestic Banking Business; Savings Bank Business; Insurance Liability; an Express Business; Detective Bureau; International Banking Business; Safe Deposit Vault Account; Brokerage Business; Messenger Service and Parcel Post and its Special Handling. When the cash results of this segregation of efforts are taken together their totals account for 26⅝ per cent of its annual gross revenue, and 53¾ per cent of its losses.

Since it is not possible to measure the investment in plant and other facilities used by the postal system the investigator must compute the net profits against the total gross revenues, using the reported difference between income and outgo for both companies. This method is followed hereafter as we trace the relationship of subsidiary activities shown in the listing above. In order to tell quickly whether any differences of importance to us are developed, we must establish the true function of a "yardstick," and any "yardstick" should be held to show these two inflexible results:

RULE A

It should do the same work at the same price to consumer, even if it loses money in the bulk. If it loses it is less efficient than the corporation measured.

RULE B

It should charge less per unit sold to consumer in order that it may secure the same ultimate profit margin as the enterprise meas-

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ured, thus proving its superior efficiency, honesty, or both.

Most sincere corporation presidents nurture their cares as the hen does her chicks with constant watchfulness, so the Postmaster General has 15 chicks to scratch for, and Mr. Gifford, President of the Telephone Company has 26 chicks for which to provide sustenance. But 24 of Mr. Gifford's chicks are exactly alike and white. Twelve of Mr. Farley's fifteen are entirely different and "black."

Mr. Gifford places twenty-four white chicks under his right wing and two black chicks under his left wing. Mr. Farley finds three white chicks under his right wing and twelve black chicks under his left wing. This, of course, is drawing the color line.

The great crime of the Telephone Company, according to recent Senate resolutions, lies in the support which the parent Telephone Company gives Bell Laboratories, Inc. Senator Wheeler is afraid that some of the money you pay for telephone calls will go to subsidize an activity that should be self-supporting. He dislikes indirection. He dislikes subsidies. Fifteen million dollars given to support an enterprise which is not self-sustaining tends to increase the retail cost of 'phone service, and Representative Fletcher wants service costs reduced. So they are specifically suspicious that the "black" chick called Bell Laboratories, Inc., is the one covert subsidy which should be brought out from shamefaced hiding. A subsidy is an odious thing.

But this little telephone "chick" has an unmistakable twin among the "black chicks" in Public Utility Yardstick No. 1, for there we have a full blown subsidy that has nothing whatever to do with postal matters. Most anyone will agree with you that the technical and scientific improvement of telephony is not only the direct concern of the service company, but it is undoubtedly of pecuniary advantage to its public. Speed is the essence of value in telephony. The dial system is a marvel of mechanical speed and ingenuity.

Can as much be said for ocean shipping?

Is it really part of Postal Service?

Why should the users of postal facilities pay to subsidize a merchant marine?

At Sea On a Postage Stamp

SENATOR WHEELER can save his tears, because the pet subsidy of the postal service takes three times as much hard cash for its support as the Bell Laboratories, Inc. This postal subsidy accounts for 97 per cent of the 1934 deficit. Even the President of the United States has recently said: "It is a subterfuge, and nothing but a subterfuge," and he adds: "I propose that we end this subterfuge." And he is right. The following dollars record hides no justification for a continuance of mixed postal purposes. In 1934, 52,368,232 pounds of foreign mail were carried. If this were all domestic mail it would have caused expenditures of $6,140,000 and resulted in a loss of $173,500. But as it was, this one and one-fiftieth per cent bulk of all mail took a total subsidy of $48,032,546.91 thus costing 92 cents a pound, compared to 11¾ cents domestic mail.

It must be all right for the telephone utility to use $15,000,000 as subsidy to the Bell Laboratories, Inc., if the postal utility can spend $48,032,546.91 (less $14,317,124.34 from actual revenues) for the same—shall we say, crime. Clearly these two "black" chicks are "paired" as harmoniously as two opposing Senators ever "paired" their votes. No Senator can decently castigate any holding company subsidy when postal patrons, penny by penny on every letter they mail, must make up the deficit thus created. Nor can the Senators blame a wicked directorate for they themselves voted hodge podge methods into the postal system.

The Equipment Angle

THE second "paired" chick comparison is between the manufacture of stamps and the manufacture of telephone equipment. These are the "raw material twins." These cancel each other just as plausibly as the "subsidy twins" in the previous example.

Now the Western Electric Company manufactures practically all of the communication equipment required by the Telephone Company. Its fiscal accounts are held entirely separate, and its profit or loss and the number of employees are all records definitely open to public inspection.

Mr. Farley's corresponding chick has a tremolo of—peep . . . peep . . . peep—all for the manufacture of stamps at another bureau owned by a connecting directorate. The Post Office paid the Bureau of Printing & Engraving $789,280.97 for stamps during 1933-1934; which, as we shall soon see, created a profit equal to itself.

The cases are parallel in control and ownership. These manufacturing operations are legitimate functions of any holding company in any school of logic. Certainly each organization has a right to manufacture, under its own supervision by any means and cost or availability open to it, such articles as are specifically used in its peculiar type of business.

Stamps come from specific connecting subsidiaries of the Federal postal holding company's parent company—the government itself. Similarly, 'phones and switchboards, wires and cables, come from a specified subsidiary of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company.

In the case of stamps, however, a singular condition exists not duplicated in the purchasing activities of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. In 1933 the cost of producing all of the stamps used in the United States was as we have just seen $789,280.97. However, philatelists bought stamps to the face value of $811,723.00 which they *did not* and *will not* use on letters. This hobby bureau is officially set up and named.

The Post Office Department, therefore, as the direct beneficiary in one of the most peculiar modes of profit in the world, receives one of its principal raw materials entirely gratis. In fact there is so much profit in the contingent peculiarities of stamp collecting that the government has had sixty-nine separate issues since the first special stamp was printed to commemorate the Columbian Exposition

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in 1893. More special stamp issues of high value to collectors have been issued by the Post Office Department during 1934 than during the preceding eighteen months.

A continuance of this practice will tend greatly to increase the over-all profit of the Post Office Department through the costless but profitable manufacture of one of its chief raw materials. Yet it will also enrich a special class, the stamp collectors, not only of this country but of the world at large. Were it not for this nation-wide hobby the Post Office deficit would be $811,723.00 greater. It is hard to condemn or condone. It is simply a talisman of obfuscation, useful when politicians talk "out of turn" on the public utility question.

The Postman Banker

The first of the ten "competitive" black postal chicks shows itself to be the regular banking business which, in other days, has sponged up so much of the investigation time of the Senate Banking and Finance Committee, and which even now is the subject of a new 1935 Banking Act. Let us therefore see where the great masses who cannot afford checking accounts stand when a holding company runs the only deposit banking business they have.

This is a fair comparison of functions because the buyer of a money order actually makes a deposit, but immediately draws out the entire deposit in the form of a Money Order; so that the total transaction in the Postal Money Order division can be accurately compared with the total check clearances of all banks.

The Money Order division, transferring one/one hundred and thirty-fifth of the commercial total, took fees aggregating $18,443,769.84. This amounts to an average of $1.04 for each $100 transferred by Postal Money Order.

In 1933 the face value of all bank checks cleared in the United States was $241,454,844,300.00. The total face value of the Postal Money Orders issued in the United States for the same period was $1,776,739,696.81. This means that the regular banks of the country, through their check writing facilities, caused the transfer of 135 times as much money for their customers as did the Money Order division of the Post Office for its customers. The fees directly charged for the money transfer by check are comprised solely in the "minimum balance charges" for accounts under $300. (Some banks have a minimum of $100.) To make the parallel exact from every citizen's point of view, he must make an example where fifteen checks are written against a $100 "minimum account" in any commercial bank. The citizen will be out of pocket by this method a total of $100, plus one dollar representing the bank's charge on "minimum accounts." Thus the transfer of fifteen fragments of $100 by ordinary commercial methods costs $1.00. Fifteen Postal Money Orders of $6.66 each cost $1.65 in fees.

Now let us see if the Postal System profited, even though it charged the "little fellow" more than his richer brother paid to transfer certain sums of money by check. The largest commercial bank in the United States in 1933 earned $2.50 on each $100 on deposit, but this included all types of bank earnings. The Post Office merely did riskless bookkeeping for the "little fellow." The postal accounting is quite distinct on this score, so we find that the domestic Postal Money Order division lost 27 cents on each $100 deposited. In the long run the Postal deficit is added to taxes and this in reality makes a still higher cost to you for the "same thing" when sought at government hands.

Thus our first example of the government in business shows us that the "surface cost of accommodation" is higher priced to the consumer by 65 per cent in the case of the Postal Utility Yardstick, but that it, nevertheless, loses money on a volume of transactions that any single bank would be glad to get. So Rule A is badly observed in that money is lost even when the public is required to pay more for the same service.

Let us stay with the government in its "banking" business and see if by chance it meets any of the rules it seeks to impose upon others.

The international Money Order business of the Post Office Department as the second "black" chick is in direct competition with the "International Bankers"; because United States international money orders serve nearly the same purpose as travelers, commercial checks and cable transfers. In this case it is a little difficult to make an all embracing comparison as some pertinent dollar totals are lacking. Again we must see it as the citizen sees it on its surface costs alone.

Mysteries of Foreign Exchange

It will suffice to show that any commercial bank will transfer 50 pounds Sterling by foreign draft at no charge whatever except the casual profit on foreign exchange rates; while an international postal money order for the same amount will cost you $2.30. In the face of these facts, no one will deny that the government in banking business is undoubtedly crashing in for all that traffic will bear, as far as the consumer is concerned. Yet they do not seem to be able actually to profit from it.

These higher charges by the Government for ordinary banking functions must presumably rest on the thesis of greater stability, efficiency and speed. The experience of most travelers and exporters seems to indicate that the lower priced services of commercial institutions are preferable. Yet the government lost $81,000 on the total foreign Money Order business done in 1933 (figured on the percentage of the total business), despite the fact that like most banks it reported a profit of $104,410.64 on its foreign exchange transactions as among the revenues incident to the business.

Again we find Rule A violated. The citizen pays more for the same accommodation, and he pays again in taxes to make up the deficit caused by the operating losses of this division of postal effort.

This is the first of a series of two articles discussing the Post Office as a utility monopoly. The second will appear in the June issue.

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Ickes's Oqpu— The Secret "600"

Anonymous

As the Administration prepares to spend the "4 billion 8," largest single Government appropriation ever made, the writer tells for the first time the inside story of Secretary Ickes's secret police organization which protected the "3 billion 3." Is this why Mr. Ickes is no longer our No. 1. Spender of the Public Funds?

In many respects the bee is an admirable insect. His industry is proverbial. His hive is orderly; spick-and-span clean it is, and well disciplined. His courage is of the never-say-die order. But it must be admitted that he lacks political acumen. He should know that if he goes on laying up treasure in the form of honey sooner or later smoke will be blown into his hive and the honeycombs scraped bare. Perhaps he does know. It may be that he is merely bull-headed in doing what he believes to be his duty.

This pleasing excursion into entomology—I trust it is pleasing—was prompted by an examination into the case of Harold L. Ickes. Mr. Ickes is Secretary of the Department of the Interior at Washington. In 1933 President Roosevelt put him in charge of the largest sum ever given to one man to spend in a hurry. Three billion three hundred million dollars were put in his hands to be expended in public works and for the relief of the workless destitute. Mr. Ickes had been reared in a bee tradition. He determined to get full value for every dollar of the government money:

"Not a dollar shall be unwisely expended," said he. "And not a dollar shall be stolen. So help me!"

He came as near making good as one man could in an atmosphere of unrest, politics, greed and ordinary red-eyed graft. He set up an investigating division under Louis R. Glavis which is quite the equal of the more publicized bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice. J. Edgar Hoover's men hunt more violent criminals than do Glavis's. That is the principal difference. Hoover's men say it with six-shooters and Glavis's men use subpoenas and affidavits. A secondary difference is that Hoover's men hunt morons and Glavis's agents track down men who have been successful because they are anything but morons and who are able to hire the more expensive lawyers. Now and then Ickes was forced to yield to political pressure. Not all the projects financed by the Public Works Administration would have been approved by Ickes if he had had his way about it. Some of them must reduce him to a state of helpless wrath. But he has done his best to keep the PWA straight.

He has been rewarded by having the honey scooped out of his hive. The public works bill of 1935 carries a total appropriation of four billion eight hundred and eighty million dollars. Some one has figured that this amounts to five dollars for every minute since the Christian era began. The calculation may be inaccurate. No one knows or cares, for when one deals with sums of such immensity the head spins like a flywheel. In the spending of it Mr. Ickes has been dropped back to third place. Mr. Harry Hopkins, administrator of the FERA, inventor of the statement that:

"Those who oppose eurhythmic dancing and

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boon-doggling for the relief of the white-collared classes are just damned dumb——"

The freeest spender in an administration which is well manned with free spenders is to be the head froth blower for the four billion dollar fund. Mr. Hopkins has acted on the theory that the more rapidly he can spend money the better every one will be pleased. He has distributed his FERA millions to state organizations and announced that he would hold the state organizations to account for its wise and honest expenditure. From a politician's point of view this is practically perfect.

The second man in the spending of the four billion dollar fund is to be Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell. He is to be given one billion dollars, more or less, and it will be more if Tugwell is not beaten off with a club, for the protection of the washed areas of the United States from erosion, the purchase of sub-marginal land, the removal of the sub-marginal farmers even if they kick and squeal about it and the erection of subsistence homestead communities in picturesque spots in the hope that factories will be attracted by the view. Dr. Tugwell is a handsome, admirable, likable enthusiast who refuses to worry about the taxpayer if he can get the money needed to carry out the reforms he plans. He thinks in broad areas and higher mathematics. He plans to make trees grow on the Llanos Estacados where even God has never succeeded in that worthy endeavor. By that means he would eliminate dust storms, drouth, and a large hunk of that billion dollar appropriation.

A Kick For the Faithful

THE REWARD of the bee is to lose his honey. Mr. Ickes has shown himself sternly honest, almost indecently practical, hideously immune to the assaults of politicians, and he is to be put in third place among the money spenders in consequence. Even that forlorn third place may be disputed by Admiral Christian J. Peoples. This seadog is a hard bargainer, a big-time debater for the ultimate dime when he buys for the Navy, but when he considers relief measures he has displayed a broad mindedness that has endeared him to an open pocketed people. It was Peoples who is said to have suggested building six track national highways across the continent and financing them by the rental of hot-dog stands and filling stations along their fringes. It is possible that he proposed this short cut to prosperity out of an impish desire to see Mr. Ickes caper. When a banderilla of extravagance pierces Mr. Ickes's economical hide he bellows superbly.

The conclusion is inescapable that Mr. Ickes's treatment of the three billion three hundred million dollar fund of 1933-34 was distasteful except, perhaps, to a few million taxpayers. If he had been a success he would have been retained as the almoner of the four billion eight hundred million dollar fund of 1935. Mr. Ickes and his methods may then be examined in that spirit of unimpassioned ruthlessness with which Maeterlinck considered the amours of his bees. An inquiry will be made into the reasons why he became so intensely unpopular with the governing classes. First, however, the fact that he is unpopular must be demonstrated.

The Melon of 1935

WHEN the Works Bill of 1935—the four billion, eight hundred million dollar monster—was introduced in Congress, Mr. Roosevelt was using a slightly different delivery than the one which had proven so successful during the preceding series. Congressmen had proclaimed themselves as irked because editorial writers had referred to them as rubber stamps. They had obeyed all of Mr. Roosevelt's orders instanter and had then laid on their backs and offered their stomachs to the soothing caresses of the master's hand. Mr. Roosevelt had the wholly humane inspiration to relieve them of the rubber-stamp stigma. He suggested the legislation he wished passed, an important item being the four billion dollar plus works bill, but he did not openly urge anything on Congress at the beginning of the session of 1935. He was ostentatiously aloof. He was prepared to permit the legislative branch to proceed as such.

The trouble was that this treatment went to the legislative body's collective heads. Congress actually capered. In its delight at being off the leash it ran rabbits through the adjacent fields. The original draft of the four billion dollar bill had been intentionally vague. All power of spending had been vested in the President. The unleashed Congress reflected that if Mr. Roosevelt were to be the sole dictator of expenditure the possibility of nice little jobs at home would be curtailed. Crumbs would fall from Mr. Roosevelt's table, of course, but their constituents would realize that they were Mr. Roosevelt's crumbs. Congress could feel its stature diminishing like an ersatz suit in the rain. Hence for a brief period it rebelled. It threatened to put the executive power in its place:

"We will earmark this four billion dollar find so that we will have the spending of it" said Congress to itself. "Not the President."

Of course, that would not do. President Roosevelt, in Hugh Johnson's hallowed words, cracked down on Congress. But when he cracks down he does it inaudibly and almost invisibly. Compromises were arranged by which Congress had the speaking part and the Administration the body, soul and breeches. Vague amendments to the works bill left him his original freedom to spend four billion dollars plus just as he wishes. Another even vaguer amendment provided in effect that the Senate had the power to refuse confirmation to all administrators of the new works fund who drew more than $5,000 a year except those President Roose-

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velt wished to have confirmed. A sop was offered in the announcement on apparent authority that Mr. Ickes would play a minor part in 1935's spending. Congress had wished this heartily. But if Ickes is out, it is because Mr. Roosevelt wishes him out. Congress is as helpless in the matter as a kitten locked in a closet.

The fact is that the local boy had not made good. He had not shown that generous spirit in disbursing his three billion, three hundred million dollar fund in 1933-34 which every one had a right to expect from a public almoner. He had lived up to his declaration that no money should be stolen from the government if he could prevent it, and that the government should get a dollar in value for every dollar spent. He had so slowed up spending that when Congress delayed for four months in its new found but synthetic independence in passing the four billion dollar bill, he was able to advance perhaps a billion dollars to the relief agencies out of the remainder of the original fund. He still had money in his pocket. He was financing through the PWA innumerable enterprises designed to make the United States a better and brighter place in which to live, but he was paying only on delivery. The manner in which he operated should next be examined. Other Secretaries of the Interior have no doubt been as desirous of holiness in the management of their departmental affairs as Ickes has been. But none of them achieved beatification. More than one of them have heard scandals humming around their heads.

When Ickes took his post as Secretary of the Department of the Interior he found himself in charge of three associated and yet distinct activities. The Department itself has innumerable functions. Public lands, mines, forests, Indians, the reclamation service, and literally scores of other trusts are grouped in it and it spends hundreds of millions of dollars a year. His second responsibility was that of Oil Administrator. Crude oil was being marketed at ten cents a barrel, "hot" oil was running like a Fourth of July fountain in half a dozen states and the ownership of an oil well was considered a capital loss which should properly be charged off on the income tax blanks. The third and most observed cell in his official asylum was that of Administrator of the Public Works Three Billion Dollar Fund. He was under instructions to spend this as rapidly as possible. To that he added his own clause: "No theft. No graft."

Glavis Gets the Commission

THE first thing he did was to send for Louis R. Glavis. Glavis is that hard-boiled investigator, once of the Interior Department, who could not be compelled to keep quiet about the rape of certain Alaska coal lands in 1906 and consequently lost his job. It is some consolation to Glavis that Secretary of the Interior Ballinger also lost his job and that the Alaskan scandal is remembered by name even by those who have forgotten what it was all about. For almost a quarter of a century Glavis had practised law and handled big-time investigations, but when the President offered to put him back on the rolls of the Civil Service he came with a shout. It was a richly deserved vindication of an honest and efficient man who had been grossly mistreated.

"I want you to create a Secret Service in my department," said Ickes. "If I never do anything else in this world, I'm going to make good as Secretary of the Interior. I want you to see to it that no money is stolen. More than that, I want you to see that we get a dollar's worth whenever we spend a dollar."

Yeomen of the Guard

THAT HAD become an obsession with Ickes. He could smell graft in the air everywhere, but he had no time to go out and look for it himself. He had too many other things to do. There were forty-three men at work investigating in the Department of the Interior when Glavis took charge. He began to build up a service. He wanted young men, ambitious, who knew something of law and accountancy, or as an alternative something of engineering. *They must be tireless.* He is tireless. When he gets out of his office chair after a week or two of sixteen-hour days he plays thirty-six holes of golf. At night he plays bridge. He is one of the first at his desk in the morning. *They must be honest.* He is honest. No man who took the beating he did in the Alaskan coal lands cases need trouble himself to prove his honesty. *They must be capable.* Glavis is not only capable but impersonal. He does not care one pin feather for anything but the facts. He does not judge the men he investigates. He merely gets the facts.

In one year's time he built up his investigating bureau to more than six hundred persons in number. More than two hundred are employed in the headquarters and the various field offices. There are four hundred agents in the field. Eighty are under Civil Service, and work for the Interior Department in the four divisions into which the United States has been mapped for the Department's purposes. The Oil Administration has eighteen divisions in which 135 agents are kept busy at a man-killing pace. The Public Works honey pot, stuffed with three billion dollars, was divided into ten regions in which 185 are employed. In their first year, Glavis spent $800,000. He can show on the books that the actual saving to the govern-

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ment, in real cash, was $63,000,000. The cost of saving a dollar was a little more than a cent That looks like a bargain.

That depends on the way you look at it, of course.

When Ickes took charge the public emphasis was all on speed in spending. He was under direct orders to shovel out three billion three hundred million dollars as rapidly as possible. It would give work to the workless, get money into circulation and encourage business. The truth is that he did not succeed in this. I do not know how much of the original fund remains in his hands, but it is certain that a very considerable sum must remain unexpended, without considering his advances to other funds during Congress's brief impersonation of an independent body. He was vigorously criticized for his slowness. He was charged with holding back recovery. He was called unreasonable and arbitrary because he refused his assent to projects which had been sentimental pets in many localities for a generation, but in which no business man would have invested a dime.

Ickes Irks the Inmates

NO DOUBT all of these charges were well founded. But Ickes realized that every spent dollar must be paid for some time. The Tennessee Valley Authority may for its own purposes value the works at Muscle Shoals at twenty million dollars, but the taxpayer is still paying interest on the $60,000,000 they cost the government. More than 100,000 projects were submitted to the PWA alone. Some of these were able to command so much political influence that Ickes was compelled to accept them unless their economic impossibility could be too plainly shown. Nine out of ten of the more than 100,000 were either turned down before they reached Ickes, or were thrown into the basket by him. Glavis's men examined the remaining 12,246 in detail. The evidence against many of them was so convincing that on Glavis's recommendation they were refused further consideration. If they were accepted the work started all over again;

"Get the facts," is Glavis's order. "Just the facts. That's all."

That order covered a lot of territory. The successful contractors were not permitted to indulge in those gentlemanly arrangements with their rivals which sometimes ameliorate the hardships of life. At the least suspicion of collusion in bidding all bids were thrown out. One low bidder forgot to enclose a certified check with his bid. He got the business because he was able to prove to one of Mr. Ickes's Secret 600 that the oversight was unintentional. A low bidder on another project enclosed the check; but Glavis's agents had looked into his affairs and doubted that he was in a position to get it certified, in spite of the evidence of the bank's stamp. They found he had forged the stamp. A certain promoter was found in the background of another project;

"He has been trying to put this over as a private project for years," they reported. "No one would invest any money in it. If the PWA accepts it his cut will be $60,000." A cut to Ickes is a cold cut.

Out it went. One man jubilantly appeared with a contract signed by the mayor and clerk of a little village and asked for a PWA grant for what was undoubtedly a meritorious scheme. An agent drove down to see the mayor. It seemed a work of supererogation. There were the signatures. But the further inquiry disclosed that the contractor had burglarized the village offices and stolen the contract and affixed the official signatures without the aid of the officials.

A city asked for help in building a needed boulevard. The agents found the boulevard had already been built and so the city did not get the money. Two PWA agents, "A" and "B", were discharged.

"A" and "B," reported the agent who kept an eye on his departed brethren, "are now trying to sell a scheme for making rubber out of poinsetta blossoms."

They were not trying to sell this to the government, and the scheme may be good, but out of an excess of precaution Glavis watches his own men even after they cease to be his men. He learned that they were representing themselves as being the PWA agents they had been. They were turned over to the Department of Justice.

A contractor put bars in prison cells. A Glavis agent went around with a hacksaw and cut through them in twenty seconds by the watch. A university devised a plan for keeping books with the PWA that did not suit that organization's regulations. No dishonesty was involved and the men in charge of the university were persons of consequence. But the university was ordered to turn the money back.

In these hard times contractors find it difficult to make a living, not to speak of profits. Time-honored custom has been for a distressed contractor to make the workmen "kick back." On pay-day they sign receipts for the full amount they should receive. Either they do not receive it or they walk around the corner and hand a couple of bills to a pleasant stranger. Thousands of dollars were recovered for the men who had been defrauded. Sometimes skilled workmen were classified as semi-skilled or as ordinary labor. Either the contractor pays up all arrears or he is indicted. Sometimes he both repays and is indicted. A little skimping now and then has been practised by the best of men. Glavis's men have crumbled so much concrete between their fingers that their thumbs are calloused. They hang around and watch jobs. If not enough cement goes into the making of a wall that wall is torn down.

Oil Under Pressure

IN HIS CAPACITY as Oil Administrator, Secretary Ickes learned that 300,000 wells were potential sources of "hot oil." He asked the oil men to coöperate with him in conserving the production of oil and thereby raising the price to a living level. Most of them did and the price did go up to a dollar a barrel, which would be wealth and happiness for the oil men except that the quantities they were permitted to withdraw were extremely limited.

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Those whose consciences were fairly well protected went into bootleg production. They were able to do so, notably in Texas, because of the defects of the Federal law. Oil could only be controlled in interstate commerce and "contraband" oil was defined as oil which had not been certified by the state regulatory bodies. Most of it was certified whether the state's quota had been exceeded or not.

They Rode the Oil Lines

Glavis's men kept on riding the oil country. They found mazes of pipe lines where no pipe lines should be, and invented a "doodlebug," which, operating on the principle of the radio transmitter and receiver, enabled them to trace these hidden lines. They found distilleries stealing oil outright from wells owned by honest men. Now and then they were forced off the roads by oil trucks or warned off premises by armed guards, or driven out of railroad yards. They had no legal authority to make arrests or enter posted premises or look at books. But they built up such a case that the recently enacted Connally law will enable them to hold the oil producing states to their quotas. And oil is now a dollar a barrel in spite of the persistent bootleggers.

Now all these activities have built up a legend around Glavis. It is firmly believed that his men steam open envelopes and tap telephone wires and that a Glavis thumb is in every plate of soup served during Washington's official dining-out season. Perhaps these things are true. A question was asked in the Senate whether Glavis had investigated Postmaster General Jim Farley's private affairs. No evidence was secured that he had done anything of the kind. Glavis said nothing. He never does. He is a smiling, diffident, pleasant man who avoids publicity of all kinds as though it were the manifest work of Satan. All he wants is facts.

Secrets

"How did he know who I dined with that night?" asked an indignant young man who was a junior member of what used to be the Brain Trust before he was purged. "How did he know what was in that letter? No one saw it except the man who wrote it and I burned it as soon as I had read it. How is it that he could tell me what I said over the telephone?" Of course, by "he" was meant Glavis.

Sure enough, how could he know these things? There is no answer, so far as I know. Certainly Glavis does not volunteer one. But it may be seen that under the system as he works it, the government does not lose as much money as it would normally lose on contracts. It may also be seen that money did not flow out from that three billion, three hundred and thirty million pool as rapidly as might have been desired. A politician who must show proof that the project he is backing will fill a real public need, or failing that, will be able to pay the government back the invested money in thirty years or so must spend his days in an atmosphere of discouragement. Hence the elevation of Harry Hopkins, genial, open-handed free speaker to the position of Spender Extraordinary, and the acceptance of Dr. Rexford Tugwell as Chief Mate on the good ship Four Billion Eight, and the relegation of Harold L. Ickes to the position of bos'n's mate. As Secretary of the Interior Ickes has undoubtedly made good his ambition to be a good Secretary of the Interior. But he is morally unfitted to throw his cap over the windmill. Some time ago I asked at Harry Hopkins' Federal Emergency Relief Administration how many different devices were being utilized in the various states to get the money out to the people.

The Bee Gets It in the End

"We do not know," was the reply. "Matters of that sort are put in the hands of the state administrators. Then we hold them strictly to account."

Hopkins is all right. He is as honest as any man could be. He is sincere in his belief that the one way to relieve is to relieve. He is convinced that it is far more important to get the money into circulation than to worry about the details. He is genuinely furious when he finds that one of his administrators has betrayed his trust. He would hang him by the thumbs and set a slow fire under him if he could. Yet it is emphatically true that his method is distinctly different from that which Secretary Ickes has pursued. Ickes wants to know what he gets for every dollar. Glavis finds it out for him.

It has been pointed out that the bee is an admirable insect. But some one else gets his honey.

A statement of fact that needs no diagram.

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Our Cuban Nightmare

by Richard Barry

Athwart our natural trade route to South America there smoulders the Cuban volcano, the first of the Roosevelt "good neighbor" experiments. The future lies in the past of three men.

BEHIND THE CONTINUING UNREST OF CUBA, there lurks a larger problem than the ultimate fate of the historic relations between the United States and the island republic. It is larger even than the speculation as to whether Moscow Communism can succeed in establishing a foothold on the western hemisphere in Havana.

The absorbing question is: can the United States keep open this obvious gateway to Latin America, for the events of the past two years in Cuba have accentuated its importance, commercially and diplomatically, and in a way which goes far beyond either trade volume or the intrinsic value to the island of its sovereignty.

The Roosevelt Good Neighbor policy has chosen Cuba as the scene of its most impressive gesture in the abrogation of the Platt Amendment and in the Economic Pact, so that in the eyes of Latin America the Pearl of the Antilles is to be a proving ground of a kind for this new policy. They are watching there to learn just what President Roosevelt means by the phrase "good neighbor."

If we come off well in Cuba (not so much in our opinion as in theirs) then Central and South America may follow the blazed path of good will—and trade. The problems therein are as complex and multifarious as trade itself, but they all trace to the external government of the island, a subject not so devious as that of trade, but nevertheless far too often beyond the grasp of the casual reading American.

Why isn't Cuba pacified? Why hasn't the ousting of Machado solved the problem? What is the meaning of this strange new figure, Batista, and what is behind him, and what relation will his ascendency have to the future of Uncle Sam in the markets of his southern neighbors? Who and why and for how long is Mendieta? Are we really permanently and definitely divorced from Cuban affairs, and if not why not?

The ground swells of the situation go to the antecedents of the three principals who are now guiding its destiny: an American career diplomat, a Cuban country doctor and an Indian. No one can estimate the coming moves in the Caribbean without examining those antecedents.

First as to the diplomat. He is Mr. Sumner Welles, who resigned from the State Department service under Coolidge, and remained in private life through the Hoover administration, to flower suddenly again after March 4, 1933.

Mr. Welles contributed $75,000 to the Roosevelt campaign fund, prior to the Chicago convention, and he got what he asked for. It was Cuba, but with super-ambassadorial powers. He went to his post with a personal and private letter from the President, and with this letter he proceeded to write history. He had it in his hands to do (or at least to start doing) practically as he liked with Cuba. Things were in a bad way, and he promptly decided that Machado, the President, must go, although there was plenty of evidence to indicate that Machado was the effect, not the cause. He acquiesced in the selection of De Cespedes as presidential successor. The two are of a type—drawing room models of the efficient executive. De Cespedes proceeded on a triumphal tour of the island while the army leaders, having tasted the strong meat Welles had offered them, laid their plans to scuttle him—and De Cespedes. However, there were three factions

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and they could not agree. Imminent civil war loomed as an addition to all the other troubles, none of which had been solved by the departure of the only strong man in sight.

Fortunately for Cuba (and the United States) there was a stenographer at Camp Columbia, who had not enough work to do in the twelve hours a day he put in taking charge of the military courts, and who saw in the offing another, and a bigger, job. He proposed (at first only to himself) to be the ruler of Cuba. This task involved out-guessing every military officer on the island, manipulating political leaders of consequence and keeping them in line, either by force or by hope of gain, and (most important of all) so appealing to the ambitions of Mr. Welles that he could secure the moral backing of the government of the United States. Mr. Welles was in a hole and the stenographer knew it; there lay his chance.

A Stenographer's Past

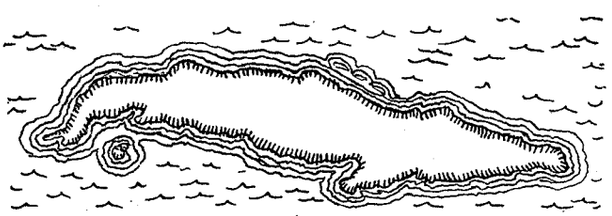
THIS stenographer had never in his short life commanded troops or held any political office, nor married any money. He supported himself, his wife, child and a battered old tin lizzie that had cost second-hand $7 on his salary of $60 a month, which is the pay of a sergeant in the Cuban army. He had taken the rank so that he could get the pay, for the army officers wanted a competent man who readily would accept delegated responsibility, and take from their shoulders all clerical duties as well as other items that required consecutive thinking.

Let us look into the antecedents as well as the personality of this stenographer, for it now appears more than likely that as long as he lives he will be the top sergeant of Cuba.

He is Fulgencio Batista y Zalvidar, thirty-four years old. He has coal black hair, deep hazel eyes, the beak of a condor and a most illuminating smile. He is suspicious, elusive, studious, intelligent, loyal, diligent and industrious; and he can remain silent for years on end, yet when the proper moment for action arrives he can strike with the deadly certainty of a steel-spurred game cock.

Batista was born in Oriente of a truck farmer with some Spanish blood, but also an Andean Indian; his mother unites the strains of the Cuban aborigines and the Yucatecans. Thus out of the slumberous past, a mysterious Mayan, descendant of the race which built a civilization on the peninsula across the Caribbean equal to that of the Greeks, emerges again to place his hand on the helm of state.

This Indian has lifted himself by his own boot straps from the muck of a truck farm at Banes near the sugar mills of the United Fruit Company. He was successively cane cutter, ditch digger, railway laborer, switchman, conductor, soldier, stenographer. He taught himself English, out of books. He learned stenography at night school. He went to Havana, opened a commercial stenographic office and supported himself wholly by casual piecework.



As an instance of his amazing mentality it is related that at the end of an admiralty trial before the U. S. Consul, where Batista appeared for one of the parties, the official stenographer turned to him for a check up, and Batista out of memory guided him securely through the mazes of the testimony in English, Spanish and French. He was that dependable for accuracy. There was no other Cuban like him. To render it explicable they said he was Chinese. If so, in his case that goes back more than 2500 years. The Indian does not discuss genealogy, so the Chinese legend has remained, and now is becoming "nobly Spanish."

After he went to Camp Columbia to take charge of military courts, the business of the army naturally drifted into his hands. As a contractor recently said, "It has been the same ever since he went to army headquarters. If you wanted anything done you had to see Batista. That was the only way to get decisions."

This was the man who one summer afternoon in 1933 stopped his seven dollar flivver outside the marble American embassy and went in to call on the Ambassador. Mr. Welles was too busy to see him, so Batista evaded one of the secretaries.

Looking out the window, and seeing the muscular obesity of the sedentary stenographer hoisting itself into the old car as he went away, temporarily frustrated, Mr. Welles remarked to the secretary, "These army conspiracies have gone pretty far when the sergeants take a hand. Well, they'll never get anywhere."

On the afternoon of September 4, 1933, a date now stamped in letters twelve feet high across the face of Cabanas, and made a national holiday, Batista drove the same old second-hand car (its last day in use) to the home on the Prado of Sergio Carbo, an omnipresent editor. He wanted Carbo to come out to camp that evening. The editor pleaded he had a previous engagement, but Batista managed to persuade him. He even induced him to telephone four other radical political leaders, including a Dr. Ramon Grau San Martin, who were most vocal at the moment.

The five met Batista in his office at Columbia just before 8 o'clock that evening and Batista told them he planned to take over the army at 9, and wanted them to decide who should be President, and that he, Batista, would be ready shortly after 9 to install their choice, whoever it might be, in the presidency. Each of the five demurred; the pace was too swift for them; they asked for time to think it over. Batista could give them no time; everything was set, he said, and if they couldn't agree on one of their number then the whole five could form a Junta (committee) and act in the presidency until they agreed on one. Shortly after 9 the sergeants began arriving. Each reported to Batista that he had arrested his superior officers and was in command. The army had been seized, without a shot,

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without bloodshed, but with trouble in the air.

Then Batista called out the amored car belonging to the Chief of Staff, placed in it the five members of the Junta, jumped in by the chauffeur himself and drove to the Presidential Palace.

President De Cespedes was talking with the American Ambassador. Out of the wind was coming the whirlwind. Bombing was worse than under Machado. Killings were more frequent. The police and the army were out of discipline. On the horizon were American battleships. The American Ambassador strove to conceal his real fear, for he had began to realize that he was out of his depth; he had meddled in something he could not control. De Cespedes was like a sweet little Sunday School boy in the ribald clutch of a gang of street urchins. The two looked out and saw the armored car of the Chief of Staff of the Army stop in the areaway. Five hesitant civilians and one gnomish sergeant climbed out. Mr. Welles stepped into the anteroom so that the President could receive his guests. The Junta entered.

Batista, his eye always on the main chance, went into the anteroom. Then occurred that historic twenty-minute session between the Ambassador of the United States and the future Ruler of Cuba. What did they say to each other? Ask them. Neither has told. Whatever it was, from that moment to this, Batista has had the backing of the United States.

When the Junta demanded that De Cespedes resign, the President asked for an hour. They gave him thirty minutes. He went to the anteroom. Mr. Welles was gone. Only a sergeant was there—named Batista. De Cespedes hastily telephoned the Embassy, the clubs, the Ambassador's suite at the hotel. He could not locate Mr. Welles. In thirty minutes De Cespedes resigned. The Junta was sworn in; at 5 the next morning appointed Batista Colonel and Chief-of-Staff of the Army, and, a few days later, agreed on Dr. Grau as President, with the approval of the Chief-of-Staff.

A Final Mistake

GRAU as President proved to be an indifferent doctor. As a political theorist he permitted former convicts to be taken into the police department on the score that in a free state a man's past should not weigh against him. When the Communists chose the space in front of the National Capitol as a grave for their dead leader, Mella, he palely acquiesced, just to show how "liberal" he was.

During this period Batista had to prove himself, for who could believe that a stenographer was competent to run the army? He showed them by whipping all the former officers in the Battle of the National Hotel and then the police force of Havana allied to the hill insurgents under Blas Hernandez, whom he killed at the Battle of Fort Atares, after which he took over all police forces, and added them to the army.

Grau made his final mistake when he stupidly asked Batista to resign. In an hour the little Colonel had seized the ministries of Justice and State and then his aide appeared before the President with a letter giving him twenty-four hours. Grau thought to out-guess Batista by resigning instantly and turning over the office to the Junta, which appointed Hevia, a West Point graduate. Hevia evaded Batista for thirty-six hours, during which he was President of Cuba in name only. Then Batista got him on the telephone. There was no argument. Hevia resigned at once. To him succeeded the incumbent, Carlos Mendieta, whom Welles induced Batista to endorse and through whom Batista has since worked.

An Ambassador In Action

WHAT was Welles doing all this time? Chiefly he was facing a barrage of query through the State Department in Washington, for it had become well known, though never officially admitted (nor denied) that he had far exceeded any recognized ambassadorial function in his aggressive intrigues, and now he realized there was only one way out of the Cuban mess for him; that would be installation of a President who could be recognized, and then a constitutional election to choose his successor who also could be recognized. Moreover, this would have to be done quickly—certainly long before another presidential election in the United States, for if the opposition picked up the patent facts and aired them, and there was still no stable Cuban government, it might be bad, indeed, for his benefactor in the White House.

No one was more alive to this dilemma of the Ambassador than Batista, and before he endorsed Mendieta he had Welles's agreement, so that five days after Mendieta was sworn in the United States recognized him, and shortly after came the abrogation of the Platt Amendment, and the Economic Pact, in each of which the Mendieta government was a political beneficiary, without contributing anything beyond signatures.

Meanwhile a grateful overlord (still mindful of the $75,000 pre-Chicago, which also suggests similar favors to come), after lending the force of a sumptuously benign foreign policy in a gesture which cost comparatively little in reality, kindly removed Mr. Welles from the sphere of criticism by promoting him to Washington, and by giving him even more certain control over the affairs of Cuba by making him Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, and permitting him to name his successor. Mr. Jefferson Caffery, who has since proceeded to represent the Welles desires in Havana, was named Ambassador to Cuba.

None of this deceived Batista, with his genius for

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reality. At all times he sought Welles sedulously for advice and counsel, and, after Welles went, Caffery. It is a method of the little Colonel naïvely to seek advice. He is one of the best listeners extant. He is a compendium of all known information and theories about Cuba. Before he was ruler, he was the hopper into whose capacious maw was poured a never-ending stream of ill-digested ideas of the so-called ruling class. Since he came to power he has classified and codified this arcana.

On political theory Batista is open to conviction. His personal sympathies incline perhaps a little to left of centre. He had no quarrel over political principles with Grau, who is at the extreme left of professorial socialism. He always utters a soft pedal warning to conservatives who orate about the *status quo*. On only one point is he adamant; he is death on communism. Otherwise he is indulgent to any sort of political theory or reform that is orderly.

Before the Baby Walks

However, on the policy most vital to Cuba as an entity, and economically, Batista is clear and consistent. The island, he says, is politically a geographic accident. He realizes that irrespective of treaties, abrogations or pacts, Cuba is dependent at present on the United States, and that Cuba is foolish ever to ignore that fact or to fail to deal with it frankly. Privately he expresses hope for the future, but says the baby must crawl before she can walk.

When the Economic Pact was proclaimed (August, 1934) granting Cuba an extra thirty millions a year, while the right to intervene militarily was abrogated, Batista said, wryly, (not for publication) "Sending a fleet of battleships wouldn't cut our throats as quickly as manipulating this Pact could do the job, and the pact is an executive order, isn't it?" Whereupon he 'phoned for an appointment with Mr. Caffery.

Unfortunately, when he deals with the United States, Batista deals with the Assistant Secretary of State for Latin America, whose chief object in life is not the tranquility of the island, but to have elections. Why? Because if there is an elected president, installed and recognized, that will be *an answer* (and the only even plausible answer) to the manifold criticisms which progressively swell through his record in the Havana Embassy.

To please Mr. Welles in the beginning, so as to get Recognition and the Pact and Abrogation, Batista and Mendieta promised elections in six months, or in July of 1934. This time has been extended and extended and extended, until now the promise is for August or December of 1935—maybe.

Elections prematurely would serve only to further postpone clarification of the situation. There are seventeen political parties, none with more than a small minority of voters. An election would compel Batista to a choice of two evils: either to turn over the government to a minority president, or arbitrarily to choose a new executive and dictate his selection as always has been done in the past by whoever controlled the army. He wants to avoid both extremes and has his own way of doing it.

With a vision that sees evolution to true democratic government rather than further degeneracy through continuing revolution into chaos, Batista wants to go slowly, consolidate his gains and lead his country out of her morass.

We come to the third principal, the country doctor who "accepted" the presidency at the customary age of retirement as a crowning reward for abstention from political graft, Colonel Carlos Mendieta. We must examine his antecedants.

Neither Batista nor Welles had a medical report on Mendieta when they agreed on him to take the job of being President after Machado had been kicked out and De Cespedes, the Junta, Grau and Hevia had fallen down.

Neither knew that Mendieta is pathologically a victim of *epiletico larvado* (a latent type of epilepsy which becomes a psychosis rather than a symptomania). On February 24, 1895, when in his early twenties, in a Havana park, Mendieta took a sudden and freakish dislike to the remarks of a man he did not know, impetuously drew a revolver, shot the stranger in the mouth and killed him. He was arrested, thrust into jail in the segregated portion reserved for members of the volunteer fire department of which he was a member. Political influence of his fellow firemen saved him from the consequences of his rash and motiveless act. He retired to the interior and joined the Revolution, which had begun the day he first killed a man. In the field, Dr. Mendieta (he had been a medical student, but served in the line) gained a reputation for ferocious courage that came to vie with that of the "lion" Maceo, although he was not noted in counsel or leadership. In action, at the first discharge of a gun, he would go *"horomontado"* (homicidally crazy) and take desperate chances. No one suspected that he was the prey of an incipient emotional disease. However, the young medico, well-bred, of excellent lineage, knew of his lesion, feared it and tried to protect himself and his associates from its ravages.

A Reputation Is Built

After the war of '95-'98, he retired to ancestral estates outside of Havana and settled into the country practice of an amiable physician. His reputation for valor and his attractive personality kept him inevitably in politics and for a generation he held various elective offices, always with credit. In every possible way he avoided violence. On several occasions, when political debate led to threat of physical action (as it too often does in Cuba) Mendieta urged those close to him to restrain him lest he injure both friend and foe. Thus he built up a reputation for political moderation, based on his precautions against the physiological volcano always sleeping within him, and this reputation entered decisively into his choice as the President to calm the torn country in January, 1934.

For fourteen months Mendieta followed one course in his government of the island seething with post- and counter-revolutionary movements, and almost starving under the ravages of depression and

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mal-administration:—non-resistance. His one thought seemed to be to avoid violence, and he avoided it by doing nothing. In that period there were over 3,000 bombings and nearly 2,000 casualties, with not one conviction. Mendieta said he feared a popular uprising, and perhaps he feared more the long suppressed lesion within himself. After fourteen months what he feared overtook him.

The Stern Realities

IN A LONG series of political evasions and injustices, resulting from unwillingness to face stern realities, Mendieta put a cap sheaf on his supine policies last September (1934) when he settled the postoffice strike. As the price of returning to work the strikers demanded of him then that he discharge all loyal employees who had refused to walk out and leave the government in the lurch. Incredible as it may seem Mendieta agreed to this subversive principle. Batista objected vigorously; nevertheless, loyal workers were discharged when the insolent strikers went back.

Radical leaders thus found, fashioned to their hands, the potent argument out of which they built the general strike, for they were able to convince all government employees that if they didn't walk out in the beginning they would be discharged when the strike was settled. Mendieta himself had made this argument plausible.

The dreaded general strike came on March 10th, when all newspapers told the world that a devastating paralysis had seized Havana, and was spreading over the island. Unable to detect the hoarse Spanish laugh behind the terroristic arras, for most of the 400,000 strikers were only technically protecting their rights, Mendieta "went *horomontado.*" With one stroke of the pen he out-did Machado, suspending guarantees, reviving the *ley de fuga,* ordering summary executions, instituting the most drastic military reign in the history of the republic.

Fortunately, however, Cuba had behind the President a bulwark which stood firm—Batista. For more than a year he had known that a solution of the strike menace was his major problem and he attacked it with independent, constructive thinking which produced in the emergency a masterpiece of politico-military strategy. He segregated most of his army into trained groups of skilled workmen comprising the trades needed to carry on essential public utilities. He knew that the ultimate success of a general strike would be largely a question of morale. If he could break it up at strategic points at the time of crisis he believed the whole thing would fall apart.

So, when Havana was paralyzed on Sunday, March 10th, even to the shutting off of its water supply, a squad of soldier mechanics, fully competent, turned on the sluices. This was the first note of salvation. When the telegraphs were closed army telegraphers opened the keys within the hour. When the central electric power plant stopped, army electricians at once started the turbines. When railway engineers walked out, army engineers walked in. When the streets cars stopped, army motormen started them—on a few main lines.

On Monday the pulse of the city's life was faint, but alive. Tuesday morning the "technical" strikers among government employees began trickling back to work. By Wednesday the crisis was over; the strike was broken. An "army" of 400,000 strikers, fanned into would-be revolution by Red agitators, had been licked by Batista's 13,000, of whom about half were trained work squads.

The "revolution" had occurred within the ranks of the army when the resourceful Batista beat his swords into plowshares.

The Future of an Indian

AT THE same time, coming into the open with full dictatorial powers, which Mendieta's startling emotional debacle threw to him, the Indian cautiously held his hand. Except for a very few "accidents," which were inevitable on so wide and loose a front, Batista visited summary justice only on the positively proven communists of whose activities his secret intelligence had long apprised him, and who had theretofore been "protected" from his just hand by the slippery evasions of the Mendieta courts. After it was over Mendieta again lapsed into a platitude of innocuous negation.

Thus, one strong, normal man is obliged to work through, and not be deflected from, his ultimate aim by two weak men—the *Presidente,* dwelling in the shadow of his epileptic complex, and the career diplomat whose inferiority complex, armed with the adventitious favor of F. D. R., would write into the record, against the complexities of Latin America, of which he is blissfully ignorant, a specious *fait accompli.*

To an informed insight it appears that the aboriginal Indian, alive with primal strength through long contact with the soil, has arrived in Cuba to cure the mental aberrations of the heirs of the Conquistadors, while he evades the menace of delusive dollar diplomacy.

Mendieta is on his way out—it is a matter perhaps of months. Welles may stay as long as Roosevelt is in the White House. Batista apparently is where he is until an assassin gets him, or—he dies in his bed at a ripe age.

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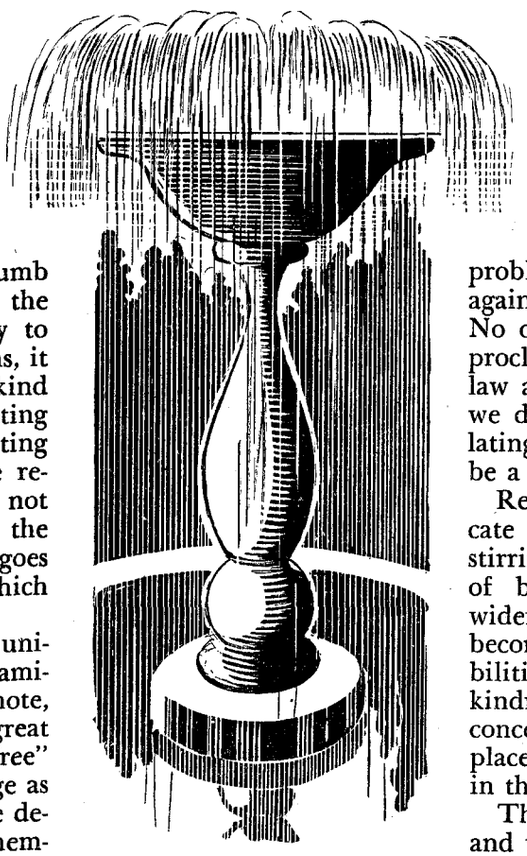
Nothing Shall Be Free

by Trumbull White

The growing practice in business of giving something for nothing in the name of service is threatening whole fields of manufacture. How far has one industry the right thus to trespass on another?



IT'S PLEASANT to be able to thumb one's self past the man at the gate. Though there's no way to prove this by statistics or graphs, it seems safe to affirm that mankind experiences no more comforting sensation than the feel of "getting something for nothing." The resulting unction to one's soul is not to be measured by the value, the saving, but by the glow that goes with a special privilege, to which few of us are ever indifferent.

Building upon that all but universal fact, and through ramifications sometimes very remote, business is developing a great tangle of "free" services and "free" gifts which multiply and change as the times change, largely to the delusion of those who think themselves the beneficiaries. For the truth is that the magic word is too easily misapplied. The service or the gift may be worthy beyond cavil, but *"free"* it is not. Someone pays for it—perhaps the wrong one—somehow, and thoughtful business should be thinking twice about the tendency and the hazards.

Now this is neither a preachment nor a crusade, but, rather, the citation of some circumstances. There are a dozen dilemmas in every aspect of the problem to warn a timid observer against taking dogmatic positions. No one here and now is going to proclaim, "There ought to be a law about it!" But "Whither are we drifting?" is a safe and stimulating question, and there seems to be a lot of answers.

Recent happenings which indicate the drift of the current are stirring up the imperative interest of business men in wider and wider circles. These happenings become an index to startling possibilities, and a reminder also, of the kindred things we dismiss from concern because they are commonplaces. Just what does "free" mean in this sense of the word?

The lights around the markee and within the wide entrance of a well-known avenue theatre brighten a steady inflow of men and women toward the foyer door. It is only 8 o'clock, and yet they are already inward bound for an eight-thirty performance, for this is a radio station studio now, and the audience is about to enjoy free the pleasure and the novelty of an excellent program, broadcast by favorite artists, musical and dramatic, at the cost of the advertising "sponsor."

There are sidewalk groups watching the taxis that

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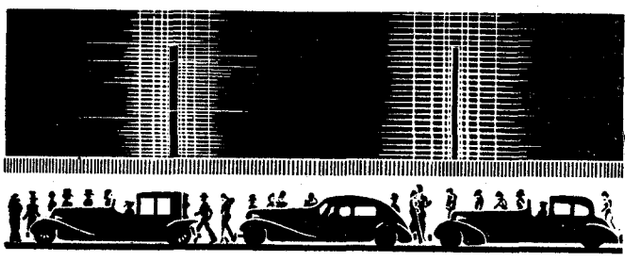
halt to unload. Presently a car flourishes up to the curb, and from it steps a costumed figure, a leading actor of national position and national popularity, dressed and made up for a characterization with which his recent years of success are associated, and in which he now plays a broadcast lead for a tremendous radio audience all over the land. He halts a moment with a friendly gesture to the waiting strangers who surround his progress into the lobby.

"Any tickets to spare tonight, Captain?" some one asks him. He passes the question to the man at the wicket, and out comes a sheaf of the pasteboards, for generous distribution by the hand of the star.

"Still some room. Not all seats filled yet. Come on in and enjoy yourselves!"

Before radio "curtain time" a thousand seats are filled with an appreciative audience, guests of the advertiser who is sponsoring the program. Most of



the tickets have been distributed through natural channels—the advertiser's own, or his agency, or in response to requests that flow in from clubs or hotels or through stores where his merchandise is sold. Some few represent the largesse of the costumed stars who make triumphal entrances thus, and meet their public, elbow to elbow, in the lobby. And it's a good show, too.

We might have hit upon some other example of characteristic happenings of the moment, from which to suggest the dilemma merits and demerits that are disturbing the sleep of more than one business man, but radio and advertising and broadcasting are so rich in new interest nowadays that they can easily endure a ray of the spotlight.

The broadcasting of programs, whether sponsored or otherwise, went slowly through the period of cloistered mystery and surrounding silence, the confidential era, so to speak. Then it came to be realized that there was novelty and entertainment in the studio activities which were going to waste—a by-product in which the costs had been already incurred, and which could be turned into good will for the sponsor's merchandise by an offering of hospitality to the multitudes who would like to be "among those present." Also, there were artists who worked better, and stars who shone more brightly, under the stimulus of responsive audiences across the footlights.

Theatre Seats For the Asking

All at once this new era was at hand. Theatres long empty became broadcasting stations. The broadcasting companies installed whole clusters of studios, large and small, with audience space to a total of thousands, in their great new buildings. Applications for seats at some of the more popular program features have to be made two and three weeks in advance. A computation of the total seating capacity of the production studios and of the leased theatres and halls now used in program broadcasting, multiplied by the program hours available as successive advertisers use the time, would run toward astronomical figures. Also, it would suggest the potential impairment of the theatrical business in its manifold forms by this forceful competition between "free" seats and—the others.

In no wise to strike a balance, but only to show a few entries on either side of the situation, here are some points of view, and pointed questions, variously volunteered during the pursuit of knowledge about this newly emergent situation:

Opinions of Those Who Charge

"No doubt the free seating of these thousands at broadcast programs is an awful swat at the regular theatre business, and the motion picture houses too. And it will hit theatrical real estate investments too, by making it harder for the theatres to survive."

"Yes, but there's a lot of empty theatres now, in the hands of the owners and the real estate men, and the banks, and this new wrinkle has resulted in renting several of them, with more to follow."

"Anyway, the theatres have been giving away thousands of free seats themselves, clandestinely, to stuff their failures into imaginary successes, and on the other hand, they've been boosting prices beyond reason, via their own speculators, when they got a success. They should cry now!"

"Besides that, these free audiences at the broadcasts are ninety per cent new folks, not theatregoers at all. Never were. Some of them will want better stuff, real plays. They will be graduated to the theatres."

"Well, do you think that anybody who gets used to free tickets will ever quit the habit and begin to pay for his seats?"

"Could you get the actors and actresses of a Broadway success to parade in costume in the lobby, before the show, like wandering minstrels, rub elbows with the incoming audience, and give out tickets to the sidewalk loafers? Not on your life! Too intimate. Out of character. It's all wrong!"

And, finally, the impassioned query, "Why should it be fair for the man who wants to sell *his* merchandise to his public, say tooth paste or coffee or ice-boxes, to give away *my* merchandise, which is theatrical entertainment, free of charge, to the destruction of my business next door?"

That reached the essence of the present perplexity. There seemed to be a common generalization of attitude, even when unformed, that business, by its efforts and advertising, may very justly strive to urge its own merchandise merits; may improve its wares and its services, say so, and prove it; may clamor for attention by any decent affirmative process, give away its own in samples or in quantity at its own cost if it chooses—*but* that it should not pro-

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duce some completely unkindred merchandise of another industry, and then give that product away to its customers, in direct competition, as something to be had free, to the destruction of the invaded industry.

That postulates the problem with a shining example. Here is another one on a smaller scale, before we offer a list of odd citations and an inquiring summary:

Giveaway Literature

READING matter is produced as newspapers, magazines and books. The paper-makers, printers, authors, editors, publishers and distributors get paid for their respective shares in the work, and readers pay the bill, by way of the infinitely small units of production and consumption. The margins are narrow that keep the industry in balance. Let us assume that a railway—or, to be still closer up to the minute, a great bus line of national extent it has actually happened—decides to issue a magazine, a very good magazine as to contents and form, for free distribution to every customer of the line. It can command advertising from hotels and supply houses and various other quarters, by its own reciprocal trade and the business it can steer to such advertisers.

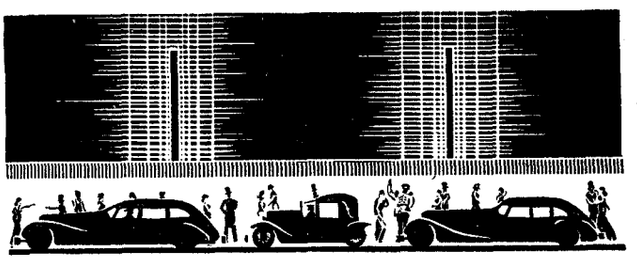
By whatever measure of excellence it maintains, and by however many hundreds of thousands or millions it may give away as an allurement to ride on its buses, such a company is competing by giveaway merchandise (not in its own natural field of activity), to the hurt of another, the publishing industry. It is making quick trouble for the newsstands at the adjoining locations where the buses halt, where travelers would buy their reading matter for the journey, except for the illogical gift. It is easy to understand the critic's contention that the bus company should augment its business by improvements in its own field—greater safety, speed, comfort, luxury, reliability, or lower rates—rather than by giving away as bait the merchandise that pertains to another industry, to its direct injury.

With all the admitted glow most of us enjoy in getting something for nothing, there is a reverse angle to this condition, well-recognized by those who have tested it. Things which we get free, without effort or expenditure of our own, are never fully prized. Small samples of something good may create continuing quantity demand, but a quantity gift does not work in the same manner.

Those who remember the vicious railway wars of the days before the Interstate Commerce Commission, with cut rates on travelers' tickets all the way down to zero, and the pest of railway passes, know that such things never did breed real passenger traffic. It was the railways themselves that most heartily welcomed the legislation forbidding them to give away their own merchandise. Their own freedom of action was just what they did not want. They wanted a law on which to base their negatives!

There was an evil day when the life insurance "prospect" could get his first year's premium free by shopping around, but it became well known in the insurance world, even before reform legislation stepped in, that few such "customers" ever met the next premium call. They devalued what they could get "free" and shopped around again!

That there is actually a movement afoot in American business to discourage the tendency toward "free" giving does not mean that the problem is easily reducible to simple solutions. At its worst, the use of the "free" is clearly uneconomic, wasteful, and distinctly harmful in its social aspects. Of course, there is an underlying fallacy in the use of the word itself, for nothing of value—nor much of the worthless—is really "free." Someone has carried the costs, and aims to make his outlay profitable, directly or indirectly. Perhaps the reimbursing charge is painlessly collected, which means from an unconscious customer, but in that very camouflage, the unconscious factor, appears one of the worst



elements of the whole situation. He ought to know.

Partly by self-discipline, partly by the rule of law and of publishers, advertisers have greatly reduced the use of the word *"free"* of late years, as the language of coupon-cutting for samples, souvenirs, and other offerings to induce response. Books given away with subscriptions, or subscriptions given away with books, are fairly well realized to be merely a form of salesmanship by combination prices. The merchandise is kindred, at any rate, and may justify that form of joint-sale advertising.

Nevertheless, it is in the realm of service to customers, and in promotional advertising, that the broadest twilight zone appears, the puzzle as to where the line shall fairly be drawn. Restaurants will decide for themselves whether to itemize the charge for bread and butter, but the customer pays, in any event, and bread and butter do belong in the restaurant business. Then, by the next easy step, should the restaurant or the hotel give a copy of the morning paper to every guest (having bought the supply at a wholesale price) thereby cutting in on that other essential industry, the newsstand next door?

The Ethics of Sampling

NO ONE could justly chide the Idaho farmers who provided a free baked potato as part of every meal on transcontinental dining-cars, advertising their product and making a national market thereby. But to give away carloads of those potatoes in the New York market every fall would be pretty hard on the farmers of Maine and Michigan.

It arouses no outcry of criticism when some shoestore gives each customer a souvenir shoebrush,

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though quite assuredly it is paid for in the pricing of the merchandise. But that "gift" may be competing with the Fuller Brushman who, in turn, uses a gift brush to introduce himself and his wares wherever he goes. If, however, the said shoe-store were to give a dozen good cigars with every pair of shoes, and the cigar man next door were to offer a free pair of shoes with every box of cigars, we should see the mixed absurdity and unfairness of the trespass.

Sort out, if you can, the right and the wrong of a random list of actualities. Are they not all paid for in the prices charged to customers, those who are no beneficiaries of the special services involved, as well as those who use them?

"Free" buses run for the accommodation of presumable customers from railway stations to large stores, to which convenient direct routes may not exist. Small stores cannot maintain such services.

The Free List

"FREE" delivery of merchandise to increasingly distant points, into the hundred-mile radius, and even beyond.

"Free" bus service from railway stations to hotels and apartment houses, and to real estate developments.

"Free" automobile parking offered by theatres and department stores.

"Free" house plans for magazines, dealers in building materials, and trade associations.

"Free" medical, legal and veterinary advice supplied over the radio and by newspapers.

"Free" lectures furnished to women's clubs and other organizations by various interests, including State bureaus and departments. In this field, big stores offer "fashion shows" staged for clubs and heavily attended.

"Free" servicing for a fixed period on things purchased, automobiles, radios, refrigerators, typewriters, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, etc., certainly competitive with the local service men who earn their living by such work.

"Free" health examinations and advice by life insurance companies for policy holders.

"Free" articles on almost any subject, furnished by press agents and written, or, at least, signed, if desired, by "names" that count, for any reputable publication, for the personal satisfaction of the "author," thus cutting seriously into the real profession of authorship, by one of the forms of "ghost-writing."

Throughout the country, free radio shows are arousing agitation quite outside the broadcasting situation already mentioned. Favorite radio personalities are making personal appearances in moving-picture houses over the country, as free additions to the program, in heavy competition with the stage shows of the so-called legitimate theatre. There are invasions of other business into the theatre of the continental type, where a full stage show is provided, in some instances a complete play, while the patrons eat and drink. The night-clubs, with their floor shows, cross over into this hybrid field.

The rise of the "service charge" points to a growing tendency to consider and determine what to do under the label of the *"free."* Banks have been becoming less indulgent to small checking accounts, loading them with a monthly service fee. Telephone companies charge for telling their subscribers the correct time. With cost-accounting increasingly studied and applied, we may be destined to see many other manifestations, all the way from banks to bakeries, before we realize it. "Cash-and carry" merchants are telling their customers to compare prices, and housewives are confronting the question, "Who pays the cost when I demand 'free' delivery of my most trifling purchase?"

It is concealed costs, like concealed taxation, concealed subsidies, and concealed graft which are the demoralizing factor in private affairs, just as truly as in public matters. It is the fact that they are "painless," because unwittingly absorbed, that lulls us. Direct payments, consciously made to the right person and place, carry their own "Stop! Look! Listen!" signal. Collected by indirection, to pass as charges through successive intermediates, costs have to be capitalized and the sums increase, up and down the line. In that relationship this immediate situation, the use of the *"free,"* gears into the whole body of today's economic perplexities.

While it is true that laws and codes and commissions, ethics and fair play and common sense, are all available as instrumentalities to help regulate what is happening in the various applications of "free" and foolish business practices, no one would lightly wish to solve the tangled situation by authority. Time and circumstance will work their way, however painful the process. We certainly will not choose the lockstep as our gait. We'd rather grin, however ruefully, even though we note that "Everybody's out of step but Jim." Somewhere between those two omnibus phrases, "Rugged individualism" and "Regimentation" the trail will lead on.

So It's Probably Better to Pay

THERE is an automobile gadget we know as the wiper on the windshield, which in some mysterious way runs by a waste current of hot air from the exhaust. As I understand it, that's the only part of a motor car that costs nothing to run. But its first cost is in the car price, somewhere. It wasn't *"free,"* and when it needs tinkering, you pay the tinker.

"Free air" is a familiar sign at the roadside, but the cost of the installation was part of the investment in the service station, and it is merged, however fractionally, into the prices paid nationally for the total oil and gasoline bill.

"I'm glad salvation's free," says the happy old hymn. But unless one sings alone in the wilderness he must share the cost of community law and order and security, as well as the cost of church and music and fellowship.

Nothing should be free, and costs should not be hidden. "How much?" is the wise man's question, and "Is the price fair?" is his corresponding thought.

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The Exhibitor Says "No"

by Arthur Edwin Krows

The exhibitor of theatrical motion pictures says "No" to the thousands of churches, schools, clubs and other private organizations which are diverting his audiences with film shows of their own. A timely study of the non-theatrical field.

UNDER that gay, beckoning, dazzling exterior of the American world of motion pictures two factions are separating into armed camps. In an atmosphere now charged with tense hostility, they have long been preparing for a civil war in which many sniping shots have been fired; and at the end of it each expects to enjoy the full mastery of the screen. On one side are aligned the professional producers, distributors and exhibitors of films, and facing them, in steady, determined ranks, are the churches, schools, private clubs, civic and welfare organizations avowing their right to provide their own entertainment when, where and how they please.

The issue is not, as one might at first suppose, the much touted threat of censorship, although that, in its biding, insidious way, is live enough; it is a disputatious point that resolves itself to whether or not and how far the little parish church, the local school, the civic betterment association, may show motion pictures in competition with the neighborhood theatre. Its importance is revealed when one is told that there are more places of that sort of exhibition in the United States today than there are theatres, and that it is expected that this curious, *sub rosa* branch of the motion-picture industry, known as the non-theatrical field, will some day contain forty times that number. In the United States just now there are approximately 19,000 theatres.

As long ago as 1921, Government and educational foundation surveys estimated that in this country alone there were 44,000 churches and 100,800 schools presenting films, not to forget the wide uses of motion picture projectors in Y. M. C. A's, K. of C's, women's clubs and the like. The figures are based mainly on the sales totals of various projector manufacturers and on the lists of those who supply non-theatrical films. How far duplications enter into the matter and how far go the changes due to obsolescence and replacement, is wide conjecture. At the same time there is good reason to believe not only that there were more non-theatrical film centers fourteen years ago than there were theatres, but that the number, whatever it was, has increased greatly since.

The overt act of war may come at any one of many points on the wide front; but the strained relations at the moment seem to be where the National Congress of Parents and Teachers is supporting the bill introduced by Samuel B. Pettengill, of Indiana, in the House of Representatives, to halt motion picture trade practices known as block booking and blind selling. That situation was made acute deliberately a few weeks ago by Terry Ramsaye, editor of the *"Motion Picture Herald,"* author of *"A Million and One Nights,"* the standard history of the films, and one of the most active champions of the industry against invaders of its rights.

In his editorial capacity Ramsaye lately wired Mrs. A. Raymond Klock, motion picture chairman of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers for the District of Columbia, for an opinion on the proposed Pettengill measure, and received what has proved for the industry a breath-taking reply. Mrs. Klock therein stated that passage of the bill "would be an opening wedge for a broader program which would put churches, schools and civic organizations on a business basis with motion picture theatres, giving them equal opportunity to rent and exhibit the better class of photoplay," adding among other things that, "much splendid welfare work can be financed in every community from the proceeds of motion-picture exhibitions in church, school and civic auditoriums."

From the non-theatrical standpoint this seemed like just another extravagant wish expressed by a

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typical enthusiast with realization a long way off; but reported in its particular combination of circumstances in Mr. Ramsaye's weekly trade paper, it brought a quick flood of denunciatory letters and telegrams from theatre managers throughout the nation.

The exhibitor says, "No" because it is his business to purvey film entertainment. He has no objection to persons from another line deciding to enter his profession, but he does protest the coming of those to whom such competition is only a side interest, and especially those who enjoy what he deems unfair advantages. He, for instance, is obliged to maintain his theatre building in conformity with all sorts of structural and operating requirements like exit alleys, asbestos curtains, union employees and license fees, while the school or church is variously supported by public subsidy

and tax exemptions and is not structurally so circumscribed.

On the other hand the invaders justify their action by saying that the theatre manager has abused and degraded his power to influence his audiences, by presenting false and demoralizing plays, and that as somebody must perform his necessary higher function, they are better able to fulfil it than he is. Their contention is, indeed, on a larger scale, the same that has been advanced for many years by those disgruntled amateur dramatic groups that have set out to prove that they are better able to continue the noble traditions of the stage than the so-called commercial managers. Unhappily for them their complaint fails in one important aspect: it presents reasons why the theatrical manager's job should be better done, but in general it does not submit their own qualifications for carrying on.

The motion picture managers might press this point were it not that their opponents are also their patrons. They cannot afford to quarrel openly with those whose dimes and quarters pay for their living and their profits, especially when, on the assumption that such support will continue, they have built a vast and expensive machine of service with millions of dollars in invested capital and hundreds of thousands of persons on their payrolls. Nevertheless they have, in their public relations department known as The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America and headed by Will S. Hays, a protective force skilled in politics and conciliatory in tone. Thus far, at least, it has kept adverse sentiment from crystallizing.

The theatrical manager's original conception of the non-theatrical field was that of a junk market. When his regular playhouses had exhausted the box-office possibilities of his films, he was ready and willing to let the church or the schools have them. The clergy and the schoolmen, for their part, were glad to receive at all the precious potential material that they had viewed in the theatres. As long ago as 1910 an important attempt was made to organize this junk market by George Kleine, a pioneer American motion picture producer and distributor, who grouped the used theatrical subjects of most of the leading companies of his day arbitrarily under headings of history, geography, mathematics and so on, and offered them at nominal rental, along with a low-priced portable projector, to the New York City Board of Education, for use in classrooms.

Mr. Kleine had been animated largely by the example, three or four years before, of another remarkable man, Charles Urban, whose interest in the pedagogical possibilities of the film, had led him to expand his successful theatrical movie business in England to include an educational department destined to popularize travelogues, microscopic studies and those miraculous pictures of flowers that bud, bloom and die in a few seconds on the screen. Urban never lost his interest in these things; but in those early years, he was more engrossed with the development of that *ignus fatuus* called "Kinemacolor," to bother too much with the schools.

From 1910 until the time of the World War the market was supplied by smaller but more enduring services than that which Kleine had proffered to School Superintendent Maxwell. The World War marked the next outstanding date because the U. S. Government sent out a hurry call for all the film available for the entertainment of the soldiers in camp and on the transports. In the situation a young man in Boston, Warren D. Foster, saw his opportunity; and persuading the Government of his ability to serve, he undertook the official organization of all the agencies that would supply such pictures, doing the work under the general name of the Community Motion Picture Bureau.

Developed By the Government

In May, 1918, Community was providing 7,000 thousand-foot reels weekly to the U. S. cantonments and 100 reels per week to the camps in France where 1,500 reels were already in circulation. In the transport service were 900 reels, and the vessels in the Atlantic Fleet were interchanging 135 more. It was also making itself responsible for two-thirds of the film supply for the British Army, all for the Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders, and was cooperating with France through the Foyer du Soldat. In addition, an especial extension was serving the Chinese, many thousands of whom were working with the British, French and Americans now that China had entered the war.

By this means largely, and through accumulating war films made by its own staff cameramen, the Government developed an extraordinary interest in the non-theatrical field. In 1917 it gave the activity a tremendous extra lift by admitting motion picture reels to the mails. In 1919 the Bureau of Education of the U. S. Department of the Interior found itself

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with a collection of 4,000 reels and no renewed appropriation for keeping them in circulation for the free shows that the Government had encouraged out of this supply. In 1920 those in charge of the matter solved the problem by depositing these reels in lots averaging 135 each, with seventy-five extension departments of State universities, normal schools, departments of education and museums. Each of these agreed to act as distributor to local applicants.

These agencies went to work with a will on this new activity, handling not only the Government films, but also all other likely subjects that they could acquire, issuing annual and even monthly catalogues heavy in bulk as in listings. National advertisers found them splendid outlets for their propaganda reels, and theatrical companies discovered that these eager, then non-competitive exchanges would even release their outworn subjects on a rental basis. Certain film activities of the Government were not abandoned. The notable exceptions continued were in the Departments of Agriculture, Interior and Labor. Most active in the second was the Bureau of Mines and in the third the Women's Bureau.

Private Distributing Systems

INCENTIVE to use films non-theatrically gained momentum elsewhere. Manufacturers of portable projectors undertook to catalogue available films and in some instances actually to distribute them. The theatrical exchanges, seeing opportunity for development of an extra market, opened departments catering to the private line. The outstanding success over a long period in this direction was that of the American company of Pathe Freres, their product being especially well adapted to school and church uses, comprising, along with regular features, rich collections of Old World travelogues in black-and-white and color, Bible stories and such glimpses into science as might be provided by high-speed cameras, time-lapse photography, microscopy and animated drawings.

The first considerable private distribution of films for non-theatrical exhibition was set up in 1913 in Washington, D. C., by Dr. Francis Holley. It was called the Bureau of Commercial Economics, but was not, despite the implications of its name and place, officially connected with the national Government. The service of the Bureau, supported by endowment and by subscription, was to conduct a lending library of free films, "to advance through motion pictures education and pride in Ameria's institutions." The work thrived; and in a few years the Bureau boasted of affiliations with more than 125 American universities and colleges.

After the First World War the service reached around the world, its films being exhibited in, among other places, China, India, Siberia, Arabia and Peru. In many localities the Bureau provided not only the programs but the projection as well. This was true in Alaska, Northern Canada and Newfoundland and in mining communities in Chile and Peru. In 1921 it was operating in the United States six especially equipped automobile trucks, complete even to the extent of lighting plants, touring the factory and mining towns and the farm districts. Two Bureau trucks were touring England and ten more were on order. The Bureau still operates. Holley died in 1923. Miss Anita M. Boggs, a co-founder, is the present director.

The Motion Picture Bureau of the National Council of the Young Men' Christian Association, that for many years has been one of the best known sources of non-theatrical films, grew out of an emergency entertainment service to the United States Army camps on the Mexican border in 1916 when Pershing (succeeding General Funston), was trying to adjust the bandit difficulties there. During the World War, into which America plunged very soon thereafter, most of this phase of the Y. M. C. A. work was conducted in cooperation with Community. After the War the service, under the exceptionally competent leadership of George J. Zehrung, was greatly expanded; and today two centers of operation, in New York and Chicago respectively, are required to handle that traffic in thousands of reels constantly going and coming.

Through the Middle West non-theatrical exhibition of films was stimulated and developed rapidly by the American Farm Bureau Federation, founded in 1918 at Chicago. July 1, 1921, the powerful organization established a Farm Films Service in connection with the Illinois Agricultural Association, using a two-fold distribution plan. Any State Federation was privileged to purchase prints at cost and to arrange distribution in its own territory, or the general offices at Chicago would book the films at the local theatre, the manager paying therefor either a flat rate or a percentage of the receipts. The Bu-

reau also supplied portable projectors at cost. In 1923 it was reported that Farm Bureau pictures had been used in 331 counties in 33 states, statistics that were further broken down to 3,552 meetings having an estimated attendance of 1,670,600 persons. In 1925 the organization chart showed that 1,000 County Bureaus had projection equipment.

The outstanding development of the strictly junk market in the years immediately after the World War, was evolved in New York City by Walter A. Yorke. He had been with the Y. M. C. A. picture bureau in wartime, and then, in partnership with Lincoln Borthwick, an asbestos salesman who had chanced to buy in some used Paramount reels in Canada, he founded what for years since has been widely known as Edited Pictures System. It was Walter Yorke who, in a side partnership with the Rev. Ilsley Boone, now editor of a nudist magazine,

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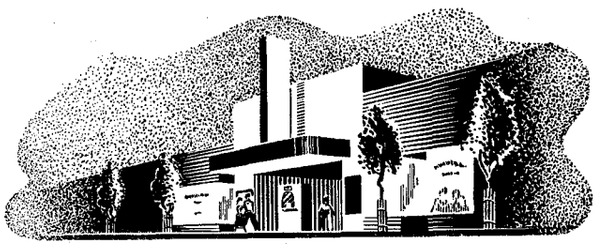
provided most of the films released to New York City public schools under the name of Argonaut.

Out of a non-theatrical department of Universal Pictures arose about the spring of 1921, Harry Levey, graduate of the cleaning and dyeing trade, with an ambitious distributing scheme known as the National Non-Theatrical Motion Pictures Exchange. It had announced branches of the New York office in Boston, Chicago, Des Moines, Detroit and Minneapolis. In 1924 that venture was absorbed and carried on more conservatively by the General Vision Company, which previously had held the selling agency for the Graphoscope projector under the name United Cinema.

About 1923, William Wallace Kincaid, wealthy corset manufacturer, backed an architect friend who had a plan for non-theatrical distribution, in the formation of Pictorial Clubs (or "Kelly Clubs as



they became known more commonly after the name of the architect), a scheme with the healthy thought of requiring communities to give as well as to receive service. This venture forged along until about 1926, when its physical distribution was undertaken by the chain of Pathe regular theatrical exchanges.

An International Church Film Corporation had been flirting with ecclesiastical subjects for some time in the years immediately following the War—starting in 1921, to be exact; and from this, about 1924, came the prime movers of the American Motion Picture Corporation, headed by Paul Smith, backed principally by William Barr, and located in the Masonic Temple Building in New York City. This elaborate set-up absorbed a number of lesser preceding ventures, and also what was left of the old Community Service that Foster had tried to develop once more as a private venture after its war experience; but it dwindled away with the usual rapidity of the other abortive attempts of those days.

If any scheme of non-theatrical distribution deserved to succeed, it was that of Frederick S. Wythe, a California lawyer who had come to New York to market a series of shrewdly conceived school films on civics. About 1923 Wythe, with the assistance of Albert Krippendorf, a wealthy Cincinnati manufacturer, worked out a plan called the Screen Companion, based on the best research done in the field up to that time, whereby he supplied for ten dollars six reels of carefully edited film, a projector, screen and operator, to any church, school or club desiring the program. An advertising factor, of course, made it all possible.

In all probability what caused the collapse of the Screen Companion was the fact that it had to operate on a fairly large scale to justify the support of national advertisers, plus the other fact that just as the outlook was turning rosy, financial reverses hit the backer and obliged him reluctantly to withdraw. Other backers were to be had; but Wythe, realizing that he had a real property, decided to go it alone on the proverbial shoestring and with the proverbial consequences.

No study of the forces producing the present conflict of theatrical and non-theatrical fields can afford to ignore the rise of the visual education movement in the school world that began as a phenomenon of the times in several places spontaneously about 1919 and that was adopted promptly, formally and permanently by the National Education Association. The training of teachers in the use of motion pictures along with other visual aids, began at once; and the gospel of the educational film was carried by them to all parts of the country.

Great strength was given to the movement at the same time by the intelligent and fine support of Harley L. Clarke, Chicago utilities magnate. Making careful investigation and with the assistance of eminent educators, he caused to be organized in 1919 in Chicago the Society for Visual Education. In conjunction with it there was issued a well-made little monthly magazine entitled *"Visual Education."* It endured for only a few years; but its place was taken in 1922 by the fine publication that still flourishes, *"The Educational Screen,"* edited by Nelson L. Greene.

The Theatre Is Not the School

THE OFFICERS of the Society for Visual Education had discovered very early that the requirements of the non-theatrical field could be met in only a very limited way by the use of used theatrical films—not because they had been used or because the film was not in top physical condition, but because pedagogical needs demanded a different approach. Films in schools were not the whole show; they were mere apparatus, like textbooks. Consequently, this technically commercial but fundamentally altruistic organization, with the avowed purpose of making available to educators all the actual, touchable machinery of visual education, undertook the production, under proper auspices, of short films on many vital subjects like geography, geology, and natural science.

They needed a good portable projector to sell, so they bought an existing one, the Acme, and re-designed it. Eventually Harley Clarke undertook to supply equipment to theatres as well; and there grew out of the idea a great corporation that dragged him further and further into the professional field, and just two or three years ago, to the presidency of Fox Films.

This change-over, from the conception of the non-theatrical division as a junk market, to that of a new market for an entirely new product, is important to note in this present consideration, for it uncovers the one basis that is now clear, upon which may be erected an enduring peace between the war-

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ring parties. If the non-theatrical field should offer a type of attraction different from that obtainable from the theatre, then the claim of unfair competition must fall of its own weight.

In the conviction that the non-theatrical field is an especial one, the apparatus of which is as unsuitable to the theatrical field as that of the theatrical field is unsuited to it, many enterprises have embarked upon production to fill the manifest gaps. The Chronicles of America Pictures Corporation, producing under the auspices of Yale University, was in work actually one of these, although it began primarily as an attempt to capitalize on the strong visual effect of fifty volumes known as the *"Chronicles of America"* and dealing with our national history. This enterprise originated in Canada, and carried on with every promise of ultimate success until the sudden death of its moving spirit, the late Robert Glasgow. It resulted, however, in approximately fifteen pictures on American history beginning with Columbus and ending with the Civil War, still available to schools directly and through physical distribution by the Pathe Exchange.

Movies For the Church

THE SAME idea of a new departure animated William E. Harmon when, in the autumn of 1925, he furnished the capital with which was started in New York the Religious Films Foundation, enjoying the moral support, at least, of the interdenominational Federation of Churches of Christ in America. The Foundation made a few pictures in the face of much internal criticism of textual matters, and these were used experimentally to determine the wishes and capacity of the market.

In 1927 Harvard University entered the field cautiously, as any institution of the sort obviously should, and made an agreement with Pathe to issue a series of school subjects with proper scholarly supervision, based on the rich Pathe library, including current history from the celebrated *"Pathe News."* This enterprise was given the legal status necessary for contractual relationships, under title of The University Film Foundation.

In March, 1926, Will Hays, whose public relations "Committee" had recognized the non-theatrical field as early as 1922 when it established a department for the purpose of giving proper attention to it under the sub-command of Colonel Jason S. Joy (now expert in censorship matters for Fox Films), was authorized by George Eastman, the film manufacturer, to state that the Eastman Kodak Company was preparing to begin the production of a series of classroom films. An expensive and detailed survey was undertaken; and in 1927 the prominent educator, Thomas E. Finegan, was appointed to head the experimental program. The outpourings from this single source, intended primarily, of course, to stimulate the sale of Eastman projectors and allied products, brought into line hundreds of schools that had not previously used films. In the same place originated also a highly specialized group of medical and surgical films produced in association with the American College of Physicians and Surgeons.

There were, of course, many individuals each of whom contributed groups of productions still popular in the field—George E. Stone with his *"When Life Begins"*; F. Percy Smith with his ever-memorable *"Secrets of Nature"*; J. G. Bray's twelve reels on general biology, communicable diseases and personal hygiene, entitled *"The Science of Life"*; Louis H. Tolhurst's studies of microscopic life; the modest founder of the Sacred Films Company at Burbank, California, with his fine Old Testament series; W. L. Finley, maker of important films of wild life; Arthur C. Pillsbury with his "Plant Life Explorations."

The impetus given the non-theatrical field by all this interest was received and transmitted by industry. At first there it was the urge merely to record a factory process on the spinning reel. Indeed, the time-worn formula of "raw materials to finished product" still obtains in too many industrial films. But whatever the purposes may have been, the fact remains that industry derived enough benefit from its original experiments with the new medium to develop the service.

Probably the earliest industrial concern to use films for its own benefit was the National Cash Register Company, chiefly because of the interest of its president, John H. Patterson, one of the most energetic business executives that this country has ever known. He had the activities of his Dayton plant photographed in movies as early as 1904; and somewhere about the same time he actually experimented with a talking picture setup to the same end. Since that time hundreds of reels have presented the story of the omnipresent cash register and of the truly great organization behind it.

Other pioneers in the establishment of industrial film departments were International Harvester, United States Steel—represented chiefly through the employee welfare section; the Canadian Pacific, Pennsylvania and New York Central Railroads; the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the General Electric Company, Metropolitan Life and the H. J. Heinz Company. Thousands of useful non-theatrical reels have come from those places.

Non-Theatrical Producers

OF COURSE, many of these departments did not produce themselves, but contracted for that part of the work with outside concerns. When the century began, the regular theatrical companies took on such contracts without scruple, for industrials were shown along with features in the regular theatres, to audiences that were still so fascinated by the wonder of the movie that they were delighted with anything meeting the general definition. Most directors of the time made industrials on the side. D. W. Griffith, in 1909 and not long after destined to become producer of *"The Birth of a Nation,"* made for the old Biograph Company *"The Story of Coal"* and *"The Story of Wheat,"* which were at least under suspicion of being propaganda.

Conscience took hold in June, 1910, when the powerful Motion Picture Patents Company issued a warning to exhibitors that, "advertising pictures

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made by a licensed manufacturer may be displayed in private only for the convenience of the advertiser and his associates; but such picture may not be displayed during a regular performance."

To offset this check to the non-theatrical field, there arose a new profession to specialize in industrial production. It may even have been in consequence of that setback that a little later in the same year in Chicago there was formed what probably was the first exclusively non-theatrical producing concern—the Industrial Moving Picture Company. The organizers were Carl Laemmle, then a rapidly rising rival of the Patents companies, his vice-president, R. H. Cochrane, and Watterson R. Rothacker, a laboratory man. In the fall of 1913 Laemmle disposed of his stock in the venture to Rothacker, who thereafter controlled the business.

When the talkies came, all this non-theatrical business was brought to a sudden halt. The theatrical producers had first to find their way. Many of the little fellows went under waiting for the new opportunities to come within their reach. But the non-theatrical audiences were not injured; they could afford to wait. Great industries, now accustomed to using films, offered to pay the price and the theatrical producers yielded. The president of Armour & Company thus was enabled in 1930 to address eleven banquets in as many cities simultaneously. The public, delighted with this novelty as they were with the original invention of the movie, accepted advertising reels along with the rest. The producers babbled happily of new days and planned to exploit this unprecedented way of playing both ends against the middle. But as the novelty of talkies wore off, theatre patrons now and then were heard to hiss. Also, newspapers protested at the incursions on their advertisers' budgets for theatrical subjects. So the professional exhibitors reflected and decided to leave advertising films to the little fellows outside.

But the readjustment required more than that. Electrical Research Products, Inc., the Telephone Company's subsidiary that had been formed to market the principal patents, having skimmed the cream of the regular Hollywood business and from the important theatres of the country, looked now to the non-theatrical field. An educational division was set up under a telephone executive who chanced also to be an enthusiast in pedagogical matters—Col. Frederick L. Devereux. It soon became apparent to him that before this field could be sold it must be organized—portable machinery had to be developed and pictures suitable to schools, churches and industries produced to justify the maintenance talkie projectors.

In the production end two producers were licensed to use the Western Electric Recording—on the West Coast Metropolitan Sound Studios, a subsidiary of Christie Comedies of Hollywood, and in New York Carpenter & Goldman, now renamed Audio Cinema because Carpenter had retired from the firm. Others wanted to come into the fold but insisted that they couldn't afford the price. Meantime RCA, the General Electric competitor in the American talkie field, was offering equipment at lower fees. So ERPI, as the telephone subsidiary was called from the initial letters of its name, reluctant chiefly because of the danger of setting costly precedents for its theatrical accounts, agreed to the appointment of some non-theatrical sub-licensees. These came in from the new bonanza-land of commercial film production—the heavy machinery area in and around Detroit. Jam Handy Picture Service became a sub-licensee of Audio, and Norman Wilding tied in on the same general basis with Metropolitan.

A few joined the opposition in the same way. Morris Caplan of Detroit, notably, went R.C.A. And by degrees it was made possible for others who were not licensees of any sort, to make single productions in custom studios at regular fees.

Drives were begun to sell projection equipment to hotels, churches, schools. Educators were assigned to study the talkie needs of their own people. A couple of hundred distinctly non-theatrical reels were produced by ERPI, General Electric and Fox Films, where Harley Clarke was now president. Worthy silent subjects of the old order were re-edited and scored with running lectures. Exhaustive tests were made. The University of Chicago engaged ERPI to produce a whole series of educationals; a Catholic Church benediction was photographed in sound; a Protestant Church service; various experimental schools; lessons in music, vocational guidance and much more. Eventually the ball once more started to roll. The separating forces resumed where they had left off.

And now improved film emulsions that not only will photograph with an easier effectiveness, but that will stand great magnification without "graininess," have solved the problems of placing a "soundtrack" on narrow 16-millimeter film and other recent perfections are rushing the non-theatrical field to a new height of widespread service.

In schools the real non-theatrical subjects are used for teacher training and as classroom apparatus; in medicine for professional study and public health; in social service for workers' training and in public education; in religion for seminary training and institutional service; in industry for demonstrations in arts and crafts and group processes; in commerce for advertising, distribution and sales. In all these phases, be it observed, entertainment, which is in the province of the theatre, is subordinated to more immediate purposes that do not really compete.

With the coming of the talkies there was an interruption in the course of development that was carrying the non-theatrical field rapidly into these specialized forms. The talkies for a time threw all sound pictures into the entertainment class; but that phenomenon is passing. While it persists, however, it makes the unthinking believe that the aims of both fields are identical.

In reality a good theatrical film is never as satisfactory for a non-theatrical audience as a good film especially designed for the circumstances. Or, putting it another way, a good film always fits the circumstances, and in theatres and in places of non-theatrical exhibition the circumstances are always different. There are proper places for both types.

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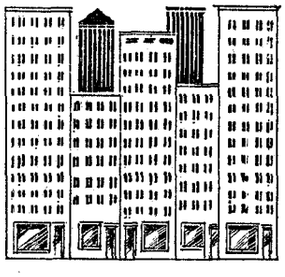
A Curb for the Roadside

by Gordon Smith

Growth by the thousands of the roadside tax-free vending places of "fresh from the farm produce" is creating merchandising trouble and a new economic storm over which many states, many merchants are becoming concerned.

FOUR RUBBER WHEELS, motorized, have been carrying the American public for some time past out into the glories of nature and into the hornet's nest of a new economic problem for which state agricultural agencies all over the country are now seeking a solution. The new fact which these agencies have been forced to recognize is that a motoring public, tardily acquainted with the amenities of economy, have been learning to combine an afternoon's drive into the country with a few incidental purchases of fresh fruit and vegetables! Such an innocent journey creates a new kind of purchaser, eliminates an entire class of middle man, creates a new type of seller, a new competitor for the established retailer and thereby short-circuits completely an elaborate structure of retail salesmanship so recently codified by the newer style economics.



Where is this new competitor? He is not on the next block and the new merchant down the street hasn't taken any of his trade away. To his knowledge, the motoring many have not stopped seeking their normal supply of vitamins. No, such is not the case. The roadside market is the receiver of the profits, without much alteration of price, and the same monies which ordinarily would enter the merchant's coffers are found in the Monday morning deposits in the rural banks. And not only is the town merchant's business in fresh edibles diminishing on week-ends when Mr. Public does the driving, but during the week when Mrs. Public will take her friends for a "spin" with the premeditated idea of bringing home a mid-week supply.

This situation, not economically healthful for the established merchant, at least, is beginning to attract the attention of state authorities over the country; and their cautious investigations of the matter to determine the respective rights of merchants in town and merchants at the roadside are resulting in various forms of regulation tending to fix the equitable balance. States that have surveyed the matter include West Virginia, Maryland, New Hampshire, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Missouri and Pennsylvania. In Maryland a survey of 275 roadside markets was made almost 10 years ago.

Reports dealing with roadside marketing have

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been published by the New Jersey Department of Agriculture, Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, University of Maryland, Michigan State College of Agriculture, University of New Hampshire, Pennsylvania State College, University of West Virginia School of Agriculture, Maine Department of Agriculture, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture and U. S. Department of Agriculture. However, keeping in touch with legislative proposals for taxing retailing in any of its various forms, the United States Chamber of Commerce, in its current report on "Discriminatory Legislation Affecting Retailers," has found that none of its tax material makes any specific mention of roadside markets.

To meet competition, the strife for superiority, the merchant matches his own expense sheet against that of his rival. He finds immediately, without having to investigate, quite a painful difference between his overhead and that of the farmer-owner of the roadside market. For example, the merchant's expense for personnel, which falls under the regulation of one of the Federal alphabetical codes, is an unmatched cost, whereas his roadside competitor 50 to 100 miles away is using members of his family working on a shift schedule to "tend market." The Blue Eagle doesn't restrict the farmer to an hour-week schedule, nor does it tell him how to dispose of his wares to the motorist. His family (mainly, the women) manage the stand. He has no transportation to pay, nor does he have to send a truck to the wholesale market to bring back his day's supply for resale.

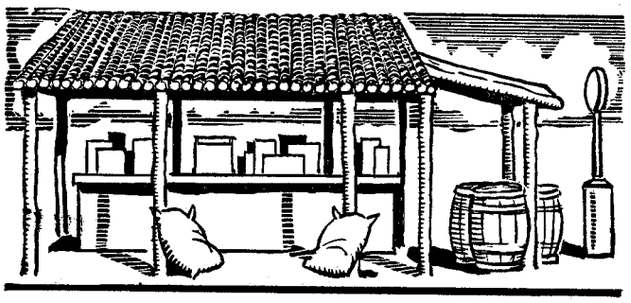
The owner of the roadside market is modern. He charges full retail prices (daily quotations received over the radio), and gets them. This comparative newcomer in business enjoys the benefits of a peculiar public psychology which believes that products direct from the farm are better for table consumption. And how do these prices compare with those in town?

Price Differences

After an investigation by Miss Caroline B. Sherman, assistant agricultural economist of the United States Department of Agriculture, prices were found to vary from somewhat above retail prices to considerably below. In New Hampshire, state officials recently announced that 17 per cent of the owners attempt to sell at slightly above retail prices prevailing in Boston and surrounding cities, 20 per cent at prices decidedly below retail prices, 13 per cent at prices between retail and wholesale, and about 50 per cent sell at prevailing retail prices.

Following an examination of 100 selected roadside markets in Michigan by state investigators, including comparisons of prices of products of similar kind and grade at retail stores in neighboring municipalities, sixty-eight of these markets were found to be selling at approximately the same as retail prices. The prices at nearly one half of the remaining markets averaged at least 10 per cent higher than those of the retail stores; and the others sold at prices at least 10 per cent lower.

"Prices must impress the customer as fair and satisfactory if repeat sales are to be developed," Miss Sherman states in her analysis. "Customers usually hope to buy at cash-and-carry prices, since they are furnishing the delivery, but many of them are evidently willing to pay higher prices to get the kind of products they want. The question of prices at roadside markets is still under much discussion on the part of the farmers who own the markets and the customers who buy there."



And yet doesn't the motorist know that many foodstuffs from the city retail markets are probably more scrutinized from a health standpoint that those which he sees displayed in God's open-air country 50 miles away? Farm products before leaving for the cities must meet state specifications, and wholesale market inspectors again examine the shipments before they are released to the retailers for public sale.

Reluctant Opposition

It must be admitted that the examinations along the line depend upon the activity of the respective state agricultural departments through their market divisions. At this time, when department budgets are for the most part confined to the absolute necessities, there is the thought that inspections of foodstuffs are not quite as rigid as under normal conditions. Although budget cutting is a national pastime these days, few states have attempted to prune items in their health and agricultural divisions which deal with basic necessities.

But where there might be a letdown in the strict regulations that continue to exist in the transportation and sale of foodstuffs, the wholesaler wields his own whip and will not accept anything that is not of a superior nature. His action comes from the demands of the consumer whose taste for the best in fruits and vegetables is transferred from the retailer direct to the middleman and so on up the line.

With all the care and precision which Mrs. Public will exercise at her neighborhood market, she abandons all this with her purchases at the roadside when she hesitatingly inquires, "Is this fresh today?" No further questions asked, she completes the transaction, although she might have made the same purchase, with even better quality or price, at her "own" store.

The merchants have not said much openly about the situation, because their supplies frequently come from such places; they would not want to antagonize their own customers who frequent the farms. And they cannot challenge the farmer from a health standpoint unless articles are sloppily handled at the

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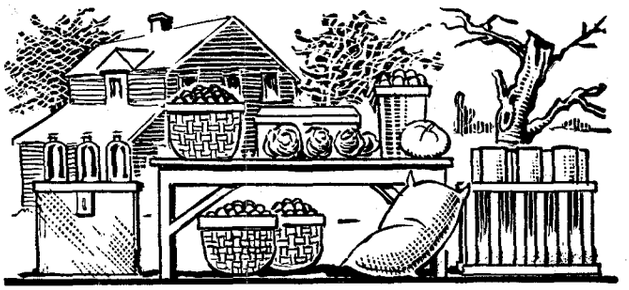

roadside. Nevertheless, in one way or another, the movement for control of these places has been growing in the general public interest, just as legislation has been overtaking the hot dog stand which often develops as an annex to the market.

Legislation could not easily tackle the matter. Existing statutes seemed to make no provision for it. According to Edward D. Greenman, assistant director of the Conference of Mayors of the State of New York, his organization does not believe that it would be legal to tax the selling of fruits, vegetables, or general farm products by the producer or raiser thereof. "Naturally," Mr. Greenman maintains, "it would be impossible for municipalities to tax such stands located outside of the corporate limits of the city or village." It must be borne in mind here that the motto of the State Conference of Mayors is "To inform, not to reform."

Breaking It Gently

In some states they have taken up licensing which is a way of easing into the situation. Maine, for instance, subjects all retail establishments including roadside stands to a license fee of $1.50 collected by the State Bureau of Taxation. If these stands dispense food to be eaten much the same as in a lunch room or restaurant, then they must also secure licenses from the State Department of Health, showing that their establishments are sanitary. According to C. M. White, chief of the Division of Markets, of the State Department of Agriculture in Maine: "The greatest complaint from the city angle against roadside stands in our state is of that habit of buying produce from a distance and presenting it as strictly fresh, locally grown. To overcome this we have developed an approved roadside sign which we permit only those selling local produce to display. This is leased for $3.00 per season."

Efforts toward the regulation of the roadside markets have been put forward in many states to prevent undesirable practices. But the farmer who conducts a legitimate trade is still exempt from these common tax burdens of today. Under a Pennsylvania State Law, which is similar to that of many other states, all retail venders must obtain a State Mercantile License and pay a Mercantile License Tax on the gross volume of business transacted annually by them. By its terms all roadside stands in Pennsylvania except those which are operated exclusively by farmers selling their own produce must, according to H. A. Hanemann, market analyst of the Bureau of Markets of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, pay a state tax annually. He says: "This tax, for a retail vender, amounts to $2.00 per year for license, plus one mill additional on each dollar of gross business transacted annually. The tax is collected by the County Treasurer for the state; but the Mercantile Appraiser, who is a state representative in each county, makes the assessment for this tax."

The Pennsylvania State Law also provides that if a farmer operates a roadside market and sells products raised by his neighbors or other products which are not grown on his own farm then he must pay the Mercantile Tax on those. Enforcement of such legislation is, of course, almost restricted to the honesty of the roadside purveyor of the farm products. The operator of the "illegitimate" place might use his business as the dumping ground for inferior products originating many miles distant or even purchased in the wholesale market. "Under a state law enacted in 1902," Mr. Hanemann explains, "it is unlawful for the state or any city, borough, township or municipal subdivision to tax a farmer for the sale of his own products. However, if a farmer buys products and resells them, then he becomes a vender and under the State Mercantile Tax Law is subject to the mercantile taxes and also subject to city and borough license fees."

That the way for better regulation is being opened by the special interpretation of the word "retailing" is found in the statement of E. F. Perkins, acting manager of the Domestic Distribution Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, who says: "Some of the state sales tax proposals would include roadside stands under their definitions of retail establishments.. Some bills define retail establishments as any premises in which the business of selling tangible property is conducted, or from which any retail sales are made."

The increasing tendency to give the farmers a "break" is seen from Mr. Perkins's statement. "We have noticed that in some instances retail sales tax bills have specifically exempted farmers who sell the products of their farms and whose retail establishments are located on such farms." Seasonable business more often escapes such regulatory efforts until expansion is found practicable and profits reach a taxable plane.

Voluntary Regulation

As a way of correcting many of the unethical practices previously in vogue, roadside market associations, some of which are state-wide and others covering just counties or districts, have issued their own codes. It is generally optional whether the market proprietor joins or not; and the enforcement of such regulations as the association desires is left entirely to the public. The associations have had to wage an educational program to keep patronage to its members.

The Rhode Island system, almost identical with that installed in Massachusetts, makes available, at a nominal fee to the market owner, a metal sign, bearing the New England label and the inscription

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"Rhode Island Department of Agriculture," provided he agrees to obey the following rules:

1—Not less than 25 per cent of the gross sales receipts shall be obtained from the sale of one or more Rhode Island farm products bearing the New England quality label.

2—Major portions of the sales shall be farm products from the operator's own farm, or bought direct from the original Rhode Island producer, or from a Rhode Island farmers' co-operative association.

3—Products not from the operator's own farm or neighboring farm shall be conspicuously marked to indicate that they were not locally produced.

4—The market shall be located at a sufficient distance from the highway to provide parking space and not block the highway.

Forestalling the Racketeers

FURTHER provisions include the stipulation that no false or misleading labels shall be shown; that those displaying the "official sign" shall have their stands neat, clean and attractive; that all food sold shall be of good quality, fresh and otherwise in good condition. The sign or the label also indicates that the market is inspected periodically with specific reference to sanitation. Regulations of this sort, if properly enforced, will do much to lift the roadside market from the temporary "fly-by-night" business class into which it has allowed itself to fall.

The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture defines the market "as a place of business on a plot of land conveniently located by a traveled road, where sales are made direct to the consumer and the majority are farm products or food which the farmer and his family have produced in Massachusetts."

Recognition of the competitive angle is confirmed by W. W. Oley, chief of the Bureau of Markets of the New Jersey State Department of Agriculture, who says: "Naturally the markets now existing are competing with tradesmen in municipal areas, but in my opinion the average purchaser knows whether the market is a *bona fide* farmers' market or a tradesman moved out into the country for the sake of capitalizing on the roadside market development." This refers to the undesirable practices which include the selling by the non-farmers of second-rate produce, bought in the city at the wholesale market and sold as fresh from the farm. The gullible public does not seem to care what it buys as long as a healthful atmosphere prevails.

The truth is that in many places the roadside market is operated as a racket. This statement may be amended by making specific reference to those stands situated more or less in close proximity to municipalities. The farther away from the urban atmosphere, the more legitimate the roadside trade becomes. The roadside racketeer either leases or buys a large tract adjacent to a main highway, and plows up the ground visible to the passing motorist, the potential customer. By midsummer, he has what might be compared with a full-grown farmer's garden. But in reality, he has less than a week's supply of any one crop, and many of his vegetables are of such mediocre quality that he would not even attempt to display them. How many of the season's roadside customers ever go motoring before 7 A. M.? If they did, they might see the trucks unloading the day's supply which will be arranged for sale later. Business is so prosperous to the operators that in many instances they have formed chains. The "big business" attempt always follows in the wake of profit-making institutions.

Thus far the city merchant has been described as hostile to the roadside market. But can you blame him if now and then he enters into this trade? Ten miles from his own store he can, with very little overhead except rental and help, maintain a fruit and vegetable establishment that on clear days will net him more income than his heretofore well-established business. Do Mr. and Mrs. Public ever stop and think whether all those appetizing articles have been raised on the premises? Of course, they believe as much with the abundance of corn, carrots and beets, growing within sight of the highway.

The investigative and inquisitive motorist cannot help but realize the tremendous growth of the roadside trade when he finds that "side-lines" are offered in many places. Only recently, bananas and oranges were seen in the Berkshires and Green mountains of New England, but this is only comparable with the offering of apples for sale in the Cotton Belt. In a section boasting a cider mill, the whole countryside is likely to be displaying on roadside stands more cider than the mill could possibly produce in one season.

By educating the motoring public to a greater discrimination along the roadside (for which steps have already been taken by marketing associations in Massachusetts), the result will be to compel higher standards on the part of the less progressive owners. The purchaser will, by his closer scrutiny of what is offered at the roadside, force into a more legitimate trade those stands which are mere pretenders. The states with their existing regulations are trying to protect the public, but not until the public protects itself will the remedy come and the racketeer be eliminated from the business.

A Motor Car Phenomenon

THE present age of automobile travel is chiefly responsible for leading farmers to enter this new form of merchandising. It was previously impossible. The farmer once brought his products to town. The age of the automobile entered, and the competition from the peddler came. Few farmers could afford automobiles to sell direct to the consumer in the residential districts of cities. Then, within a few years the trend had been reversed.

Leading the "muscling in" attempt against the farmer's legitimate trade are those who formerly, as fruit and vegetable peddlers, have found license restrictions too high in the municipalities and have turned their attention to the roadside. There they find the restrictions negligible and await the customers who remain and always will be in their

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eyes "suckers." And "never give a sucker a break."

The direct producers-to-consumer contract was re-enacted when those same purchasers went motoring. There was a time when a 25-mile ride was an afternoon's diversion—without luxury of course. But today, a 300-mile trek to a football game or a 100-mile pleasure spin is a usual occurrence to the one out of five persons in the United States statistically shown to be a car owner.

But the roadside market operator has far from a monopoly on the motoring trade. Maybe the football fan and his family are not interested in roadside markets, but have they ever inquired about the success of the basket lunch business which church organizations have entered? Between 11 A. M., and 1 P. M. the ladies' auxiliaries of churches within a range of 50 miles of the "big game" are "peddling" their attractive home-made noon offerings to bring in the needed revenue which the church fair failed to accomplish.

Relief was forced into the farmers' lives long before the expansion of welfare activities that has put one-sixth of the nation on relief rolls. They automatically helped themselves to this new business. Regardless of the drawbacks that include working long hours on holidays and on Sundays and keeping a monotonous vigil at the stand during the day, the farmer's family has been absorbed in the grind. Its reward is cash profit, something which the average farmer heretofore always lacked. As a rule he can do the production work on his acreage and allow some other member of the family to handle the sales. In addition to the disposition of fruits and vegetables in this manner, tasties made in the farmer's kitchen are often included at the market stand. Flowers from the garden also provide additional revenue. The roadside season, however, is comparatively a short one.

Watched For Twelve Years

THE roadside market problem is not altogether a new one. In 1923, official attention was called to the new trade by the Bureau of Markets of the New Jersey Department of Agriculture. Investigation by officials there resulted in the agreement that "roadside markets have come to stay." But officials at that time were concerned more with the safety of patrons stopping along the highway than the competitive forces and regulations which were acknowledged to be future worries. The markets, they found, were merely filling a special niche developed by the automobile. They concluded that the majority of markets were operated by responsible farmers with satisfactory service to customers. However, realizing the propensity that would follow, they warned the public against the occasional roadside merchant, who would unload poor products, and whose trade customs would injure not only his own business but the reputation of roadside markets in general.

Little did they realize that 10 years later they would have to contend with a wholesale chain grocery market movement that entered unincorporated districts and erected stores that were surrounded by large tracts of cultivable soil. Along came the NRA, however, and the prices charged were identical with those in the corporate limits. Some retired from business and others continued; but they were not in competition with the wholesalers in the municipalities.

The Massachusetts Department of Agriculture, Division of Markets, roadstand selling survey of 1929 included a special analysis of the consumer's attitude, and following the announcement of it, the market plan of approving *bona fide* markets was adopted. This was subsequently introduced into Rhode Island by officials there.

Government Advice

WITH the increase in this uncontrolled selling field, surveys were conducted by several agricultural colleges, experimental stations and state departments. In addition, the United States Department of Agriculture published a pamphlet entitled "Roadside Markets" by Caroline B. Sherman.

Miss Sherman claimed that businesslike methods at the roadside are found to pay. She listed as the chief objections raised by those who purchase from roadside markets or those who study them, irregular supply, low grade or varying quality, indifferent attention and ill-considered prices. "As a market takes on a semblance of permancy," she states, "as the manager becomes experienced, and as the methods work away from these marks of the amateur, the patronage is likely to grow in numbers, and the customers are likely to return or become regular."

In proof of this, the economist calls attention to the progress toward stabilization that has been made in the successful cooperative roadside markets in some localities. Her investigation points particularly to one such market, in Ohio, which for a number of years has sold practically all the fruit produced by eight or ten growers.

Helpful suggestions are offered to the roadside operator by the United States Department of Agriculture and all those agencies which have studied the trade factor. Location is considered one of the most important considerations, with convenient parking space provided that will eliminate any conflict with highway regulations. Also considered as important and vital to the market's success are quality and freshness of products offered for sale; attractive appearance of stand, products and surroundings; maintenance of a fairly steady supply of chief products demanded; prompt and courteous attention to customers, and other applications of sound business policy.

While these reactions are settling in the rural sections bordering the paved highroads, the trend is the other way in the cities where there is to be found a "back to the land movement." Cities are turning over vacant lots and undeveloped land in virtually all their sections, upon which local poor families may raise vegetables for their own use as a part of the unemployment relief programs. Past success of gardening experiments in a small way has led to "metropolitan farming" on a larger scale.

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The Forgotten Dollar

by Edwin Myers

ALONG with the host of other forgotten items in this historic age of trouble, to be classed with Sumner's forgotten man and Uncle Sam's forgotten Constitution, is the forgotten dollar.

The forgotten dollar is one of three. First of all, there is the dollar of normal exchange. Its value is what its face declares it to be, and it is a symptom of a prosperous and happy United States of America. It is not forgotten; on the contrary, it is cherished in memory. Second comes the devalued dollar of Roosevelt which is too painfully close to the news to require further identification. Third, and subject of this notice, is the more debased dollar of the citizen in debt. There are in America today more persons in debt than at any previous time.

Why their dollar should be worth less than any one else's is easy to understand. A man who is completely in debt has very little opportunity for economical buying with the small sum that he is obliged to hold out and expend for his living. With ten cents, for example, he may buy only one item that would come in a lot of three to the man with a quarter, or he may be obliged to deal at a higher-priced store that extends credit because he has no ready money with which to trade at the cheaper cash-and-carry establishment. Even when he makes immediate payment for something he needs, he still is commonly obliged to pay more for it than it would cost his solvent neighbor. Inversely, as the man with money takes two per cent off his bills for cash payment within a few days and so actually increases the purchasing power of his dollar, the dollar of the man without immediate funds and penalized by interest and carrying charges for the delay in placing it into circulation, shrinks.

The importance of discussing his case lies in the circumstance that he and his fellows belong mainly to the great white-collar middle class, a group that more than any other supports the one-sixth of the nation reported to be on unemployment relief rolls. It is also the white-collar class whose purchasing power means most to sound business. Both Government and Business, consequently, are vitally interested in seeing that the burden borne by these unhappy, struggling debtors is made no worse.

The matter of getting into debt in the first place is deplorable enough; but preaching thrift after the damage is done is beside the point. When any person reaches that stage of indebtedness at which his present earnings, whatever they may be, are completely mortgaged, his purchasing power is chained from then on to the amortization process; and there is very little, save his own despairing will to carry on, ever to lift him out of it.

He never can use his present earnings for a fresh start, and that means that for present purchases he must arrange for future payment. When the future becomes the present again, he will have to satisfy his immediate needs by deferring the charges once more. Thus the vicious chain goes on and on to the demoralization and degradation of our most substantial class of citizens.

The delay between the purchase and the payment therefor is a familiar condition known as credit; but credit itself is not just a friendly gesture of confidence. It is itself a marketable commodity for which the citizen using it is required to pay. The business system gives him reasonable time in which to settle, but charges sums of interest for succesive periods of postponement. The debtor's dollar, therefore, is reduced by the amount of that interest and in proportion to the time of its accumulation.

The debtor belonging to this unhappy middle class in America is ordinarily listed as owning property. He pays property taxes, attends his civic duties, supports his church and gives to charity. The property that by a pleasant sort of fiction he regards as his own, depreciates more rapidly than that of the well-to-do man because he cannot afford the small repairs that would check decay. His overdue taxes are penalized with interest.

He cannot maintain at the bank the sum necessary to provide a checking account and is obliged to slip away in business hours to obtain money orders at the post office. In emergencies he has to raise sums at pawnshops. Dunned by creditors and haunted by the deprivations of his family, he is usually in poor health and capable of only a part of his proper attention to his job.

He is almost always a man of creative type who has come to this plight because of his desire to do useful things. This ambition does not pay only in the cold sense of the business opportunitist who exploits America and returns it nothing. Back of his troubles this alleged debtor is the better citizen.

Such is the brief owner of the forgotten dollar. His predicament is reported merely as another phenomenon of the times and with no suggestion of relief. That must come from those who need him most, and it will surely come if we are to survive.

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Men of Comics

by William E. Berchtold

This is the second of a two-part NEW OUTLOOK "group-personalgraph" in which Mr. Berchtold has pictured the men whose daily output is read by more people than is any other single product of the American printing press.

OH AH—BY THE WAY, M'DEAR—UM—KAFF KAFF—JAKE IS TRAINING MY HORSE FOR AN IMPORTANT RACE AND AH—IT IS NECESSARY THAT HE ARISE AT DAYBREAK—AND I—AH—I WONDER IF AH—YOU COULD ARRANGE HIS BREAKFAST A BIT EARLIER, M'PET! HOT GRUEL, PANCAKES AND COFFEE WILL SATISFY HIM!
WHAT? SAY THAT OVER AGAIN, SLOWLY—I WANT TO BE SURE I HEARD YOU RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO REPEAT IT AT THE INQUEST!
WELL—IT LOOKS AS IF TH' COLD GRAY DAWNS WILL FIND ME WOLFING TH' WAFFLES 'N A LUNCH WAGON!
YEP, JAKE, YOU'LL DUNK ON A STOOL!

THE CHANGE WROUGHT IN THE COMIC STRIP CARTOON during the four decades of its life in American newspapers has been almost as great as the transformation which the centuries have brought to the word "cartoon" itself. Raphael was a cartoonist; yet the cartoons of Raphael have little in common with such more familiar favorites of the American newspaper reader as *Little Orphan Annie, Bringing Up Father, The Gumps, Mutt and Jeff, Popeye* and *Joe Palooka.* The cartoons of Raphael made possible some of the richest and most famous tapestries in the Vatican; the cartoons of Gray, McManus, Smith, Fisher and Segar determine the newspaper reading habits of millions of Americans.

The word "cartoon" is from the Italian *cartone,* meaning a card. Italian tapestry designers drew studies on sheets of cardboard at full scale, and their drawings were called *cartoni* or "cartoons." The term was applied later to any study, and by 1840, when the British Parliament buildings were being completed, *Punch*—then two or three years old—took a stab at the competition for the Parliament murals by offering satirical caricatures as Mr. Punch's cartoons. Henceforth, any and all funny pictures became "cartoons."

It took the American newspaper cartoonist to evolve the latest change in the meaning of the word to include not only funny pictures, but tragic and pathetic pictures, for the "comics" are no longer necessarily funny. The new era of the "comics" actually embraces more strips which might be called "tragics" or "pathetics," although all are technically called comics, just as "*news*papers" now embrace a world of material which certainly is not *news.* Features and *not* news determine the circulations of most American newspapers today, and the comic strip is the most important of all the features as a magnet to draw readers. All of which explains why American newspaper publishers pay a sum for their comic strips each year which might buy the life output of several Raphaels.

Newspaper artists were a hard-driven lot just before the birth of the comic strip in the American press forty years ago. "Zincograph" cuts had just replaced the old chalk plate, and publishers were anxious to do great things with the new process which gave more latitude and speed in reproduction of pen and ink drawings. The newspaper artist then covered events which photographers cover today. Photographs had not yet been successfully reproduced on newsprint, and a typical artist's day might include a trial in the morning, a baseball game in the afternoon, and an art show opening or a murder

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at night. Those who liked to draw funny pictures managed to sandwich in a comic drawing now and then, usually grotesque figures illustrating a printed joke.

The grotesque school of the comic strip gave way to the continuity strips featuring family life and, more recently, the continuity story of blood and thunderous adventure. The trend today is distinctly toward the "tragics," which do not try to be funny. They have brought to the American newspaper a good deal of the quality of the Shilling Shockers of great popularity in England and our own dime novels. Whether American readers will grow tired of the serial adventure and detective stories fed them in small bites daily remains to be seen. The trend is so pronounced now that it is difficult to give weight to the prediction of such a veteran of the comics as James Swinnerton (*Bears and Tigers*), who believes that drawings in pantomime without balloons and sub-heads and with a really clever comic turn will inaugurate the next phase in the history of the comics. He believes that Peter Arno is on the right track toward such a vogue which will spread to the newspaper.

Some of the most prominently-hung portraits in the gallery of the "Men of the Comics" were described from some critical cuff notes in the first of these two articles, including such topnotchers as Harold Lincoln Gray (*Little Orphan Annie*), George McManus (*Bringing Up Father*), Robert Sidney Smith (*The Gumps*), Harry Conway (Bud) Fisher (*Mutt and Jeff*), Elzie Crisler Segar (*Popeye*), Hammond Edward (Ham) Fisher (*Joe Palooka*) and others. It is now proposed to present some quick critical sketches of another group from the great and near great among the "Men of the Comics."

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, REX MAXON and HAROLD FOSTER (*Tarzan*). This trio signs one of the most amazingly successful of the newer strips which mark the transition from "comics" to "tragics." Mr. Burroughs's signature appears principally on the royalty checks which he cashes, although the continuity legends, prepared by two ghost writers for Artists Maxon and Foster to illustrate, are checked by the author of the Tarzan stories or by assistants employed by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. The *Tarzan* strips, appearing in more than 300 papers in sixteen countries, rank first in the "comics" budget of the Scripps-Howard-owned United Features Syndicate, which includes *Ella Cinders* (Bill Conselman and Charlie Plumb), *Fritzi Ritz* (Ernie Bushmiller), *Captain and the Kids* (Rudolph Dirks) and *Benny* (J. Carver Pusey) among its headliners.

The ghost writers for the *Tarzan* strip have been changed several times since it was inaugurated. It is their task to prepare scenarios for the daily and Sunday strips based on the Burroughs series of eighteen Tarzan novels; the ghost for the Sunday page (drawn by Artist Foster) need pay no attention to what the

MR. JONES IS OUT TO LUNCH, MR. MULLINS
WELL LETS US GO TO LUNCH, I THINK HE KEEPS ME COMIN' UP HERE IN RELAYS WITH MYSELF SO PEOPLE WILL THINK HE'S GOT A LOTTA CUSTOMERS.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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ghost for the daily strip (drawn by Artist Maxon) is using. This arrangement might seem confusing, but avid followers of "comics" learned years ago to keep their Sunday experiences separated from those on week-days. The ghost-written scenarios are written in New York, rushed to the huge Burroughs estate "Tarzana" north of Los Angeles for checking, and finally reach Artist Maxon at Port Washington, L. I., and Artist Foster at Chicago for illustration. This set-up marks the farthest departure from the old days of the "comics" when a comic artist was expected to be responsible for every phase of his strip's creation. Only Captain Patterson of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate and Wilson Hicks of The Associated Press Feature Service still insist on the one-man act as an essential.

Burroughs's Tarzan stories were a "natural" for the new era of "tragics," which are fast giving American newspapers more and more of the dime novel quality. This is not said in derision for it is exactly what the millions who buy newspapers want; the only wonder is that alert managing editors did not fathom their readers' true wants years ago. They should have seen the signs of the times in the skyrocketing sales of the Tarzan novels during the last twenty years, for the 10,000,000 copies sold mark them as the only works in a quarter century capable of ranking with the best-sellers of all time (still headed by the Bible). Burroughs admits that some of his novels are pretty bad, "but they sell." He did not start to write until he was 33; had failed at eighteen different types of work before trying to write; got rejections on *Tarzan of the Apes* from every major book publisher; finally built his fortune by publishing his own works. A shrewd business man, his royalties from the *Tarzan* daily strip and Sunday color page run about $50,000 a year.

Artist Maxon was born in the home town of the late great Clare Briggs (Lincoln, Neb.), satisfied an early desire to become an artist by painting river boats near St. Louis, worked in the art department of the St. Louis *Republic* (McManus's first employer), and abandoned commercial advertising layouts to do *Tarzan*. Artist Foster studied at the Chicago Art Institute. First casualty of the "tragics": Artist Foster's son, who broke an arm playing he was Tarzan.

CHESTER GOULD (*Dick Tracy*). Another brainchild of Captain Patterson, the detective strip *Dick Tracy* has filled a profitable niche in the "tragics," and has grown within five years to one of the top-ranking money-makers of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate. Gould, a native of Pawnee, Okla., who studied at Oklahoma A. and M. and the Chicago Art Institute, was doing a mediocre pretty girl strip for the Chicago *Daily News* at $35 a week when his persistence won him a place with Captain Patterson. For nearly two years he tried to sell ideas for a new strip to the Captain, his frequent arrival at the syndicate becoming one of the standing office jokes. None of the ideas clicked. "Let's see what you can do with a detective strip," the Captain said one day, and outlined the idea for the adventurous detective whom he named Dick Tracy. Coached by Patterson for more than a year, Gould swung into the detective continuity and is considered second only to Gray (*Little Orphan Annie*) for his ability to build and sustain reader interest from day to day.

A mild-mannered chap of 34, Gould is a prodigious reader of crime stories, keeps an elaborate file of crime press clippings, once took a course in crime detection at Northwestern University. His character Big Boy is really Alphonse (Scarface) Capone, and his cowcatcher-chin-

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ned detective, who always gets his man, the ideal of all detectives. First real-life casualty of this new "tragic": a Boston youngster, branded with a hot iron imitating the action of a *Dick Tracy* episode. This caused 500 outraged Bostonians to telephone the Boston *Herald* demanding that the strip be dropped, which the alarmed editors did until the afflicted boy's mother begged the paper to continue it.

ALEXANDER RAYMOND (*Secret Agent X-9, Flash Gordon* and *Jungle Jim*) The Hearst answer to the vogue for "tragics" such as *Tarzan* and *Dick Tracy,* Raymond is the finest draftsman of all the comic artists. At 24, he is the youngest artist on a strip of major importance and is hailed as leader of the "coming" artists to replace the old-timers within a few years. Other promising artists now in their early twenties are Milton Caniff (*Terry and the Pirates*), Noel Sickles (*Scorchy Smith*), Don Flowers (*Oh! Diana*). The original ideas for *Secret Agent X-9* and *Flash Gordon* must be credited to Joseph Vincent Connolly, president of Hearst's King Features. Dashiell Hammett, author of *The Thin Man,* was hired by Connolly to write continuity for *Secret Agent X-9,* but he was dropped when he lagged behind schedule with ideas which lacked the power of his printed work. Artist Raymond, who illustrated Hammett's continuity for $20 a week, is now responsible for both continuity and art work at a figure many times his original salary. A prodigious worker, he also draws the two Tarzan-like strips, *Flash Gordon* and *Jungle Jim,* for the Sunday color sections. If the crash of 1929 had not ended his aspirations to become a banker or broker, Raymond might never have tried art. Casting about for a job, he was encouraged by Russ Westover (*Tillie the Toiler*), a former neighbor, to try his hand at a strip, finally landed a $20-a-week job at King Features.

GEORGE HERRIMAN (*Krazy Kat*). A slight, shy, quiet, wistful, little man with grey eyes set in a network of laugh wrinkles, Herriman is the fantastic philosopher of the comics. His *Krazy Kat* has a peculiar quality of wistful, ironic humor which has all the impossible plausibility of *Alice in Wonderland* plus the plaintive note which so often characterizes the success of a Charlie Chaplin pantomime. No relative of the usual comic strip character, *Krazy Kat* has won over to the funny papers the snootiest sections of the intelligentsia, gained the recognition of a special chapter in Gilbert Seldes's *Seven Lively Arts* and in not a few of the later, more esoteric discussions by the intellectuals Krazy has been given symbols which his creator never intended.

Krazy's career started while Herriman was drawing *The Family Upstairs;* he filled in corners of the strip with a cat and mouse playing marbles. Then Krazy and Ignatz were drawn in an inch high strip beneath the regular feature, and finally replaced the regular strip completely. Krazy always has been in love with Ignatz Mouse; Ignatz, who is married, but vagrant, despises the Kat, and his one joy in life is

to "Krease that Kat's bean with a brick" from the brickyard of Kolin Kelly. The irony of it all is that the fatuous Krazy takes the brick to be a symbol of love and faints daily in full possession of the illusion. For nearly a quarter century Krazy's fantastic and ironical life has checked the scorn of those who claim to despise the comics. Comic characters have appeared in slapstick vaudeville and in musical comedy, but Krazy is the only one to inspire a ballet, created by John Alden Carpenter in 1922. Herriman often finds the confines of the newspaper page limiting as his medium, once constructed his Sunday page on the bias to let Ignatz and Krazy perform in a downhill fantasy. His shifting backgrounds are followed by readers as carefully as the action, for as Krazy and Ignatz talk they may move from mountain to sea, houses sometimes change into churches, and trees take on the form of odd designs. Seldes has called *Krazy Kat* the "most amusing and fantastic and satisfying work of art produced in America today." It is the only strip with animal characters, once a favorite device of comic strip artists, which has held its audience. Walt Disney's *Mickey Mouse* first gained success in the animated cartoons of the cinema before coming to the comic page, but not even Disney's characters have been able to gain a large following in the funny papers, although they have been the delight of the cinema. *Mickey Mouse* in the movies probably did more than anything else to put an end to slapstick in both the movies and the funny papers and to usher in the era of realism. The screen offers the perfect medium for the fantasies once popular in the comics, but Herriman's *Krazy Kat* has been untouched by the change. Herriman lives in a Hollywood mansion, sends his drawings by mail to Hearst's King Features in New York and seldom comes so far East.

FONTAINE FOX (*Toonerville Folks*). Judge Fontaine Fox, Sr., wrote editorials for the Louisville *Courier* at a desk next to the late great Colonel Henry Watterson; so you can imagine his chagrin when he saw his son's first published cartoon in the Louisville *Herald.* The Judge exploded with: "All I have to say is that it's a mighty queer way to make a living." Fox the younger has found it a way to make a very lucrative living, partly because he is the best read of the single-panel comic artists and partly because he has been one of the few (Bud Fisher, Percy Crosby and Carl Anderson are others) who have retained the copyright to their work. He lives in a very fine home in Roslyn, L. I., draws his Mickey (Himself) McGuire, Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, Toonerville Trolley, Tomboy Taylor, Powerful Katrinka, Aunt Eppie Hogg and Spunkey Edward's Monkey in a cluttered office down near the Roslyn railroad station. His wife insists that she lives with the Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang, and Fox knows that therein lies one of the reasons for his success with that character. When he feels his own temper rising he knows he is on the trail of an idea for Mr. Bang, and he obtains relief by having Bang do what he would like to do. His famous Toonerville Trolley, which meets all trains, was the old Louisville belt line known as the Brook Street line and he first lampooned it in an editorial campaign; Mickey McGuire's gang and the Little Scorpions were boys he played with in his native Louisville. Fox gets his principal effects through exaggeration, tries for the droll effects of a Chaplin instead of pure slapstick. He draws with nervous speed and is

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a really fine, appreciated caricaturist.

He learned the value of the wavy line and other tricks of the trade by carefully analyzing the work of the British caricaturist, John Leech, many years ago. Mr. Bang's favorite expression of anger, for instance, is achieved by drawing the eyes out of focus, plus long steps and stiff legs. He does all of his own drawing, chiefly because he never has been able to get anyone to imitate his odd style with speed. His work was syndicated by John N. Wheeler from 1915 to 1920, when he changed to the McNaught Syndicate for five years, and then went back to Wheeler at the Bell Syndicate in 1925. Fox's drawings appear in more than 250 papers.

FRANK WILLARD (*Moon Mullins*). Unlike most of the comic strip artists of today, Willard tries for (and usually gets) a belly laugh from the millions of readers who follow him, many of them in the hope that a smoking room joke has slipped by the editors. Thousands of Willard's readers look for a meaning which does not exist for children reading the strip. His gags gets laughs from hardened editors who must read all of the syndicate's strips. Willard talks and writes in a humorous way that makes it easy for him to turn out his stuff. He has been in Florida during the winter months, lives in Chicago with his third wife, draws at least three panels in his daily strip in the interests of his second wife to whom he pays alimony. When Captain Patterson, during one of his runs on comic character births, suggested that a couple of children should be born into the strip, Willard replied: "They will be sure to be goats." But the two horrible youngsters finally appeared upon the Captain's insistence, then disappeared as soon as Willard could arrange it. His added Sunday strip, *Kitty Higgins,* is named for Captain Patterson's secretary. That's really her name.

BILLY DEBECK (*Barney Google*). A genial wisecracker, DeBeck's gags for his ludicrous, wistful Barney Google and the deathless nag, Spark Plug, come to him easily. With aspirations to become a great artist after training at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, DeBeck decided to boil the pot with comic art (which he had shunned) until he could rent a studio and do a masterpiece in oils. His first pen and ink grotesqueries appeared in the Chicago *Daily News,* then he tried political cartooning for the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times,* and finally joined Hearst's King Features to do his famous *Barney Google.* It has netted him more than several Rembrandts might bring. He winters in St. Petersburg, Fla., where he owns a big house; he loves to play golf and plays very badly.

NOEL SICKLES (*Scorchy Smith*). To this 25-year-old artist the palm for having achieved what no artist of any syndicate had previously been able to do, namely, carry on a strip after the death of its creator and nearly double the number of newspapers in which it appears. The death last Spring of John C. Terry, old-time animator of cinema cartoons and creator of *Scorchy Smith,* came as a surprise to followers of the strip in more than 100 papers. What they did not know was that Sickles had been painstakingly imitating Terry's style for months. Ranked No. 1 among The Associated Press strips at the time of Terry's fatal illness, AP's Feature Editor Wilson Hicks faced the crisis which all syndicate chiefs dread. AP first entered the comic strip field in 1930, was just getting a foothold in competition with older and better known strips. *Scorchy Smith* had been conceived as an adventurous young aviator who is the fictional counterpart of Charles Augustus Lindbergh; it was fast taking an important place among strips whose realism in drawing and action marks them as a sharp departure from the grotesque and humorous characters of earlier strips.

Like Hearst's Raymond, AP's Sickles is an exceptionally fine draftsman. His clean cut black and white drawings are worked out in sharp detail. Editor Hicks took him off his regular work on art layouts, assigned him to imitate Terry's style during his illness. Since Terry's death, Sickles has swung slowly, almost imperceptibly, into a style of his own. He has succeeeded not only in holding No. 1 ranking for *Scorchy Smith* among AP strips, but has attracted an increasingly wider audience until it now appears in more than 200 member papers. Inaugurated to protect member AP papers against the skyrocketing prices for comic strips charged by syndicates which they do not control, The Associated Press Feature Service has succeeded in achieving its purpose. Its own artists, while paid more than hundreds of AP writers, receive salaries far below most of those with other syndicates. Unlike the privately owned syndicates, AP pays no royalties but bases its contracts on straight salary. Artist Sickles, a newcomer with brief experience on Ohio papers, was boosted from $42.50 a week to $100 a week and provided with a year's contract. Highest paid AP comic artist is Fred Locher (*Homer Hoopee*) at $150 a week. His strip ranks third in the number of subscribing papers, with Don Flowers' *Oh! Diana* ($135 a week) second only to *Scorchy Smith.* AP's low salary policy caused its loss of Milton Caniff, who was lured into Captain Patterson's camp by the size of royalty checks paid Sidney Smith, Harold Gray, Frank Willard and other headliners. Caniff had drawn *Dickie Dare* for AP, transferred when his contract expired to Captain Patterson's roll with *Terry and the Pirates..* The characters in his new strip are strangely reminiscent of his earlier ones, although Terry is a blond and Dickie was a brunette. Dickie's career is being carried on by Coulton Waugh, son of the noted marine painter. Son Waugh's first strip appeared in the New York *Sun* on the same page with news of Father Waugh's winning a Carnegie prize for a marine painting.

GENE AHERN (*Our Boarding House*). A thirty-seven year old Chicagoan who collect old masters on the comfortable income which America's No. 1 gentleman of leisure, Major Amos Hoople, makes for him. Ahern was born in Chicago and went to grammar school there until it was condemned, which was sufficient signal for him to try less painful tasks than studying. Two years of night school classes at the Chicago Art Institute, sandwiched between a succession of odd jobs, gave him the background for making art layouts for NEA (National Enterprise Association) in 1914. He drew sport cartoons for Hugh Fullerton for a time and then turned to the comics with *Auto Otto, Squirrel Food,* and *Ain't Nature Wonderful.* His *Nut Brothers* (Ches and Wal) first appeared in *The Crazy Quilt,* a strip built around the antics of two simpletons. Dropped into temporary obscurity with the entrance of Major Hoople and *Our Boarding House* in 1921, the Nut Brothers were revived in 1931 when Ahern needed a top panel for his Sunday page.

Major Hoople is tops in the NEA comics budget commanded by Editor Ferguson, and is approached only by J. R. Williams' *Out Our Way.* Both comics are badly titled with the result that readers remember their major characters better than the all-inclusive titles given to the features. The Major's exaggerated tales, ornate vocabulary and

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aversion to work make him one of the best liked characters of the comics. His personality-plus demeanor, unmitigated conceit and unbound imagination keep him walking on clouds with a type of optimism which has proved a refreshing cocktail to hundreds of thousands of readers working in a Depression-ridden world.

Artist Ahern has succinctly expressed his method of building the Major's audience: "I rib him a great deal because sympathy goes to him from the reaction of readers. The world always plugs for the guy on the short end of the purse to knock out the champ. After all, the Major leads a delightful life, no work or worry, his world is above his hat, his heels are turned over from walking on clouds. Ten dollars is a fortune to him, and he doesn't look beyond the next meal. He holds no malice toward anyone, and his worst enemy is half friendly to him, just some victim he borrowed five bucks from."

The leisure loving Major has netted Ahern a comfortable income although NEA (like the other Scripps-Howard controlled syndicate United Features) does not pay salaries approaching those of the topnotchers of the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate or King Features. Ahern's art collection includes some fine portrait paintings by old masters, early Greek marbles and bronzes, Chinese procelains, and etchings by Rembrandt, Dürer, Whistler, Millet and Zorn.

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL (*Mr. and Mrs*). The New York Herald Tribune Syndicate faced a crisis, even more serious than that which confronted The Associated Press last year, when Clare Briggs died. Briggs had for many years been the highest paid and highest ranked artist on the *Herald Tribune;* many have called Briggs and the late Tad the greatest of all the comic artists. Folwell, head of the *Herald Tribune's* drama department, erstwhile editor of *Puck,* and writer of humor, has continued the story of Briggs's *Mr. and Mrs.* with artists doing the illustrating. Not only the Briggs signature has been missing, but also much of the Briggs flavor; the strip has not retained the following which Briggs built for it. The *Herald Tribune's* hope that Rea Irvin's *The Smythes* might fill the Briggs niche has, likewise, fallen short. Although Irvin has shown rare ability as art director of the sophisticated *New Yorker,* he has failed to build a strip with a really large following. Closest to being the real Briggs successor is the *Herald Tribune's* H. T. Webster, the tall, broad-shouldered, mild-mannered creator of *The Timid Soul, Poker Portraits, Bridge* and *The Thrill That Comes Once in a Lifetime* The latter and Briggs's *The Days of Real Sport* were fathered by John T. McCutcheon's *A Boy in Springtime* nearly thirty years ago. Webster's Caspar Milquetoast (*The Timid Soul*), who makes a hole in one but puts a three on his card, is probably the best of the Webster creations. The *Herald Tribune* and The Associated Press have not been the only ones to face a major crisis as the result of an artist's death. The Philadelphia Ledger Syndicate lost one of the comics' pioneers when C. W. Kahles died in 1931, but his *Hairbreadth Harry* has been continued by F. O. Alexander. Since the syndicates own the copyrights to most of the strips, this method of continuing popular comics after their creators have died or moved to another syndicate is becoming an accepted practice.

PERCY CROSBY (*Skippy*). Like most artists who draw successful comics starring children, Crosby has never quite grown out of his childhood. His *Skippy* is the best of the kid comics. One-time commander in chief of the juvenile corps of army, navy and marines in his boyhood haunts of Richmond Hill, L. I., Crosby in his forties still thinks, and sometimes acts, like his nine-year-old character Skippy. It is easy for him to make Skippy a *real* boy, the attribute which his followers praise so highly. When Crosby pictures Skippy kneeling down to pray with a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling on his head, he can quickly put the right words in Skippy's mouth: "Come, God, this is no time for joking." Crosby has lived and is still living Skippy's life. In recent years he has become a crusader against Prohibition, gangsters and other abuses, but Crosby's diatribes on controversial subjects, although handled seriously, lack conviction. He can draw rapidly, has completed a year's work in 52 days; spends his leisure in writing and loafing on his 130-acre farm in Virginia. His income from *Skippy* approximates that of the President of the United States, partly because he owns his own copyright. Crosby's strip, done for Hearst's King Features, is imitated by other artists, the most recent addition to the list being *Toddy* for McNaught Syndicate by George Marcaux. He should do a good imitation since he ghosted Crosby's strip for some time.

Other kid strips of importance are Walter Berndt's *Smitty* (the office boy whose Pa died at the behest of the pathos-stimulating Captain Patterson after Mary Gold's death in the *Gumps* was such a success); and J. Carver Pusey's *Benny,* one of the few strips in pantomime. The latest and most promising featured kid character to enter the comics is *Henry,* the hairless youngster whose pantomime escapades first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post.* It is drawn by the 70-year-old Wisconsin artist Carl Anderson, who plugged away over a drawing board for forty years before he struck on Henry. The strip is appearing already in eighty newspapers. Henry was "discovered" in a German newspaper in Berlin last fall by William Randolph Hearst, who wired to his New York headquarters: "Get Henry!" Hearst's Connolly took the next train for Madison, Wis., signed Anderson to a fat contract. Henry, according to his creator, is a platinum blond with his head shaved, not bald as most readers believe. Anderson labors over each *Henry* strip, seldom gets a full-fledged idea in a flash.

FRANK O. KING (*Gasoline Alley*). Fourteen years ago this grey-haired cartoonist started a strip caricaturing his brother-in-law, Walter Drew, and his motor-tinkering neighbors who kept their automobiles in a string of garages fronting on an alley near Chicago's 63rd Street. King had achieved only mild success with three previous comics, but *Gasoline Alley* (featuring people he knew) clicked quickly. Skeezix, patterned after King's own son, Robert Drew King, was left on the doorstep of the bachelor Walt. It is a cardinal principle of comic stripping never to let characters change, but King proceeded to have Skeezix grow up. Captain Patterson, whose passion for comic character deaths is exceeded only by his interest in births, suggested that Bachelor Walt marry his neighbor Phyllis Blossom. Thus the interest in Skeezix, fast growing up, could be carried to a new baby born of that union. Now that Corky, like Skeezix, has grown out of babyhood, the Wallets are to have a new baby in their home, this time a little girl left on the running board of their car. *Gasoline Alley* portrays the sweet home life of an ordinary family, and Artist King agrees with Publisher Patterson that no home is

(*Continued on page* 64)

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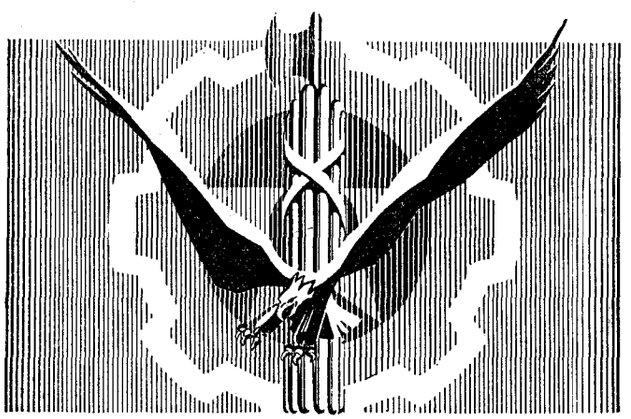
Death Comes for the Liberals

by Cedric Fowler



Is the only control of the enemy alien the suppression of the Bill of Rights? The writer explores the future of such a method in the light of pending legislation.

A CAMPAIGN, of a size seldom before seen in this country, to legislate back into oblivion, or at least into inactivity, that host of thinkers and workers who stand at all points Left of Center, and who were once again duped by the unfulfilled promises of the New Deal, is now under way. Its extent, its bitterness and in a measure its unfairness is in the largest sense an unreasoned reaction to unreasoned sanction of the earlier New Deal proposals.

We have had these campaigns before, these excursions into anti-radical and anti-alien terrorism. During and after the World War we had five years of governmental suppression of freedom the like of which had not been seen up to that time. During the Civil War a generation earlier the military was given power—which it used—to suspend newspapers and to imprison and execute civilians with hardly the formality of a trial. The Spanish-American War, though a much less unpleasant occasion, brought its quota of government interference with thought and word. In the difficult years following the Revolutionary War anti-sedition and anti-alien laws were passed which almost equalled the severity of the World War period a century and a quarter later. But the present campaign against free speech and free assembly is the most vigorous—and, as well as can be seen today, the most likely to succeed in its aims—of any we have suffered before.

The present campaign is not simply a thing in the minds of irresponsible reactionaries or free-lance Fascists. It is already under way, has already achieved considerable progress, and from all signs will achieve more even as these words are being written. The progress it has made in legislative form is on the record. In Congress and in the governments of forty or more of the forty-eight states, there is a series of bills and acts either passed or put forward which provides for the effectual abolition of most of the rights and liberties on which this nation was once built. Many of them bear a startling resemblance to the type of legislation which so angered our Colonial forefathers under George III. Others go far toward nullifying a century and a half of struggle on the part of labor and minority groups for the right to expression and even existence. Some of them passed or contemplated, both in Washington and in the states, rival the harshness of Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany. Added together, they indicate an open season of persecution of radicals and dissenters of all shades, ranging from reddest red to mildest pink, and with no holds barred—to the investigators. It is not a pleasant prospect,

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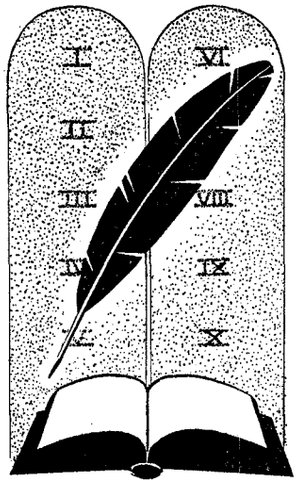

either for the intended victims or for innocent bystanders, since such laws have a habit of catching the most guiltless onlooker in the net as well as the evil characters they are meant to trap.

What makes this present campaign particularly noteworthy is the extent of its legislative effect, already achieved or pending. Previous campaigns have not had nearly the amount of laws and regulations that this one possesses or will possess. During the World War, the nation struggled through to victory with a tithe of the protection now felt necessary. Spies and unfriendly aliens were cared for in a comparatively simple law which provided one punishment for offenses in either category. Today we have half a dozen bills proposed in Congress to save us from the foreigner within our gates, and an equal number of states have taken the same responsibility on themselves. All of these laws contain detailed descriptions of the crimes for which the alien earns a richly deserved exile from our shores. During the restive years of 1919 and the early 1920's it was left to the states to save themselves from revolution arising from industrial unrest within their own borders. This they did very effectively through the invention of a new felony known as "criminal syndicalism" and the ordering of severe penalties against all whom the prosecutor could manage to implicate under its vague terms. Incidentally, many of those criminal syndicalism statutes survived the post-panic decay of redhunting when liberalism and sense demanded their repeal, and are functioning again in the present crisis. Yet despite the fact that the states were considered strong enough in war time to stand on their own feet, today in peace time the Federal government on the initiative of Congress proposes to assist with new laws of national capacity. And at the same time the states with very few exceptions are hastening to renew and redouble their previous laws against the same dangers. Truly, the task of saving the nation from revolution is a difficult one.

Our Jittery Legislators

THE fact that these measures are proposed in a time of peace is another commentary on the strength of the new heresy campaign. Previously our legislators and organized patriots have waited for a war to demonstrate their repressive talents. The process then is more understandable. Fear dominates a war time atmosphere as much as a courageous will to victory. The alien, though he may have been lurking in this country for twenty years or more, becomes in war an unknown and therefore fearsome danger. A foreign name and a swarthy complexion hide sinister designs against the nation's bridges, railways and munitions plants. Advocates of peace, foolhardy enough to speak out in the midst of battle, are clearly both cowards and traitors to the land that has nurtured them. Particularly threatening are those who protest against enforced military service or find themselves conscientiously unable to take arms against their fellow men. Radicals who take advantage of war time industrial activity to promote strikes and demands for higher wages are saboteurs of the nation's military effort, and must be curbed. But none of these conditions exists today. In spite of the highest military expenditures of peace time history, we are not at war, and our statesmen both in and out of office have repeatedly declared peace on the entire world. We have no soldiers at the front who must be protected from the radical or alien stab in the back. We are not fighting to save the world from democracy. Consequently there seem to be no imperative reasons for the suppression of democracy now going forward in the nation's legislative halls.

Why this renascence of an ancient habit, this revival of any old way of attempting to deal with a difficult, strained situation? Is it solely because we are in the fifth year of one of our periodic business cycles, with almost all the indicators still pointing toward the bottom? We have had depressions before, severe ones, without the repressive trimmings this present example seems to require. Is it because Europe is again facing us with the prospect of beginning another world war? We were not nearly so upset in 1914, when the symptoms of approaching conflict were even more clearly discernible. In fact up to the time we entered the World War in 1917 we were nothing like as suspicious of the potential traitor as we are today. It is true that we are looking for some cause and for certain individuals to blame for our present economic and social ills, but we have looked for scapegoats in troubled times before this, and not as frantically.

A Depression State of Mind

THE fact is, the new heresy and treason hunt is inspired by a mixture of all these motives, with some added of its own. They can best be found by an examination of the forms the new crusade is taking. In Congress alone there are some twenty-four bills aimed at seditious practices and at aliens considered to be undesirable. The alien measures range in degree from a bill providing for a tightening of the existing deportation laws to one providing that all non-citizens shall be prohibited from holding employment in this country. In the first measure, any sort of "subversive political agitation or conduct" is made mandatory grounds for deportation—the definition of such activity being left to the Secretary of Labor. This particular act, known as the Kerr Bill and in receipt of White House support, also provides for the seizure and detention of any alien that any Immigration official may believe to be a suspicious character—without the issuance of a warrant. It is an established custom of the Department of Labor, and one that has been upheld by

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the courts, to regard the promotion or leadership of strikes or demonstrations as "subversive political activity." The bill is therefore, aimed not only at alien revolutionaries, but at labor agitators interested in improving working conditions without thought of overthrowing the government. A conviction for "possession or carrying of any concealed or dangerous weapon" is further mandatory ground for deportation. Here again the police and the courts have proved it remarkably easy to find a "dangerous or concealed" weapon on the person of troublesome labor leader. The bill is cleverly drawn. Criminal grounds for deportation— such as sale of narcotic drugs and the like—are placed well in the front paragraphs. No one can object to their presence. The clauses directed against alien dissidents are placed nearer the end of the bill, where they are not quite so likely to be seen on a hasty reading. The arrangement, however, cannot hide the real purpose of the bill, which is to throttle at least the foreign element in working class discontent. It is a purpose at strange variance with the New Deal pronouncements on the freedom of labor to organize and the right to strike.

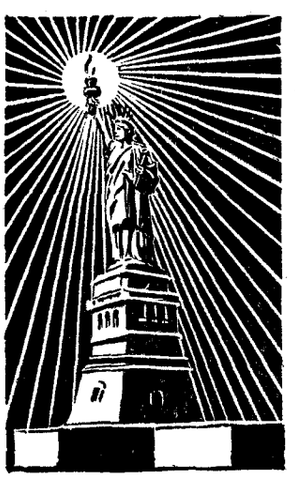
Loose Definitions

THIS bill, sure of Administration backing, may be taken as most likely to pass. It is the mildest of the anti-alien measures now before Congress. Others before the House are much more severe. The Dickstein Bill, drawn as a result of Congressman Dickstein's recent investigation of Fascist and Communist activities in this country, provides for the deportation of any alien who disseminates "propaganda instigated from foreign sources or who while in the United States engages in political activities." This measure makes it possible to deport foreigners who come to this country on any mission in any way connected with social or political conditions, whether here or abroad. Thus, a Mexican Catholic protesting against his country's policy to the Church would be deported. Several eminent Mexican prelates now living in Texas would be forced across the border under its terms. An exile from Nazi Germany found expressing his opinion of the Hitler tyranny could be returned to the concentration camp from which he escaped. A White Russian dreaming of overthrowing the Bolsheviks could be shipped across the world to the OGPU. In time of war our allies could send no representative here to plead their side of the common cause, unless this bill were repealed. A similar measure put forward by Representative Taylor, of Tennessee, requires the Secretary of Labor to deport any alien who seeks to "change the character of the government of the United States, or to influence its policies"—the last phrase offering the piquant obligation of deporting all foreign ambassadors caught inside the State Department building on business for their governments. Aliens who belong to any group or association which advocates "a change in the form of the government of the United States, or engages in any political agitation" must also be deported. Under this provision membership in such distinctly non-revolutionary organizations as the Progressive Party of Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor group in Minnesota, would be prohibited to aliens, since those and similar groups work for changes in our form of government, though by peaceful methods. Here again the clauses of the bill are neatly arranged. The first six of eight sections are concerned entirely with narcotic sellers, gun carriers, habitual criminals and the like, with the last two clauses reserved for the political foreigner.

The New Deal For the Alien

PERHAPS the most astonishing of the anti-alien bills is one proposed by Congressman Dies, which would amend previous alien laws with the simple addition of "Aliens who are anarchists or Fascists or Communists," to those deserving deportation. The definitions which follow this phrase are interesting. In them, Communist and Fascist and anarchist are lumped together, though everybody (even Congressmen) must know their aims are wholly different. The usual belief in the overthrow of government by force is followed by clauses which would make any sort of public activity or participation impossible to foreigners. Most of them are aimed at alien labor leaders. Thus, anyone who advises "assaulting" officers of government must be deported. "Assaulting" is an elastic term. An alien advising strikers to stand their ground against company police or deputy sheriffs would be guilty. Belief in the "unlawful damage, injury or destruction of property" together with "sabotage" is further ground for considering the alien to be anarchist, Fascist and Communist. All of these definitions are extremely loose. What is "sabotage?" When vigilantes raid radical headquarters, as was done during the San Francisco troubles of last year, is the damage inflicted "unlawful?" Is a strike, which checks production and interferes with commerce, "sabotage?" If so is a lockout, which produces the same effect, also sabotage? It has long been held unlawful to damage another person's motor car, when the fault is proved to be yours. If you happen to be an alien, Mr. Dies would find this sufficient ground for your deportation.

In a final outburst of definitive effort, the Representative holds any alien guilty of believing in a "system based upon either common ownership of property and abolition of private property or social control of private property" *ipso facto* guilty of anarchism, Facism and Communism, and obviously ripe for Ellis Island and a swift trip back to wherever he came from. This last section of the bill is the most astonishing of all. Even with the most care-



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ful reading, one cannot escape the conclusion that Mr. Dies regards anarchism, Fascism and Communism as the same thing, and thinks it possible for an alien to be all three at once.

Though the alien ranks high in the list of national menaces, our unfortunate country is also afflicted with trators and saboteurs of its own bearing. Chiefly their evil designs seem to center on the army and navy, judging from the bills which have been prepared to safeguard those forces against radical, pacifist or otherwise treasonable attack. One such bill put forward in Congress by Representative McCormack would make it a felony to urge soldiers or sailors to "disobey the laws or regulations governing military or naval forces," which would make, for example, a discussion of pacifism with a soldier or sailor illegal—or even a reading of the first of the Ten Commandments.

The real point of Mr. McCormack's bill comes later, where any person who "publishes or distributes any book, pamphlet, paper, print, article, letter or other writing which advises, counsels, urges or solicits" such disobedience to the laws and rules of war is made liable to a punishment of two years imprisonment. Nothing is said about distributing such matter to soldiers or sailors. It is enough to have published it. Obviously this provision would make the possession or sale of much of literature's finest work a crime. Since the last World War, a whole body of anti-war writing has grown up. Much of it urges resistance to war measures. Other works describe war in terms of such horror that resistance or disobedience to militarism's dictates is implied, if not urged. In this country, for example, something like half a million copies of *All Quiet on the Western Front* were sold. Are the owners and librarians possessing them to be held guilty of suborning the military forces of the United States? The possibility is not fantastic. During the World War, it was held that any pacifist writing which *might* reach soldiers or sailors was illegal, at no matter what point it was distributed.

Search On Suspicion

THE McCormack bill, which seems likely to pass, has one feature which goes directly contrary to the history and tradition of American democracy. This is the legalization of house search under the suspicion of the presence of seditious writings. To quote again; "Any book, pamphlet, paper, print, article, letter, or other writing of the character described in Section 1 of this Act may be taken from any house or other place in which it may be found." Not only house search, but personal search as well is provided in the phrase, "or from any person in whose possession it may be." Under this act no one's home would be safe from violation. Suspicion that it contained seditious matter would be enough for a raid. An enormous force of secret police would be required to carry out this bill. It is, to say the least, doubtful that the American people want the services of a Gestapo or a Blackshirt Militia added to their present contacts with the law. And another question arises; are Mr. McCormack and the Representatives backing his bill so fearful of the government's ability to justify a future war that such stringency is required, and in advance of the event? The war of 1914-1918 for democracy and freedom did not require so much help from the law. Surely a future war for the same high ends could carry on well enough without house and personal search.

The imminence of revolution, either in peace time or during war, receives thorough attention in several bills now before Congress. The best supported of these measures is one put forward by Representative Kramer. Under its provisions, ten years imprisonment (or $10,000 fine, or both) await any person who "by word of mouth or in writing advocates, advises or teaches the duty, necessity, desirability or propriety of overthrowing or overturning the Government of the United States, or . . . of any state or subdivision thereof . . . by force or violence." Under this measure, visiting English lecturers of radical bent would find no difficulty in remaining in this country—in fact, a whole decade would be put at their disposal. More seriously, the bill would be used against Communists, Socialists and radicals of all shades. They need not be directly advocates of revolution. "Propriety" is a vague word. It could be made to mean almost anything. To an unfriendly court, a belief simply in the inevitability of revolution might be considered to uphold the "propriety" of overthrow by force and violence. It has been so held before.

Mr. Kramer's bill also looks out for danger on the literary front. Any person who "circulates, sells distributes or publicly displays any book, paper, document or written or printed matter in any form containing or advocating" revolution is also liable to ten years imprisonment. This clause is almost breath-taking in its inclusiveness. Logically enforced, it would imprison publishers and booksellers dealing not only in contemporary Left Wing literature but in works on American history and the writings of the Founding Fathers as well. Librarians, from those in charge of the Library of Congress down to the humblest small town Carnegie incubent would also be liable, if only for displaying the Declaration of Independence or the works of Thomas Jefferson. A final warning to reds and traitors is embodied at the end of the bill, where any person "attempting to commit" the prohibited acts, whether successfully or not, is punished by five years imprisonment, or $5,000 fine, or both.

The Oath For Teachers

FOLLOWING the model set by New York State in its recently enacted Ives Law, a Joint Resolution brought before Congress by Representative Kenney urges all states to exact a loyalty oath from teachers in public schools and other educational institutions. This measure, while harmless enough on the surface, contains repressive implications. An oath of loyalty to the Constitution and Government of the United States is very readily interpreted as a prohibition of criticism of existing social or governmental conditions. It can become a constant

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threat to progressive or critical teaching methods. Teachers whose jobs depend on satisfying an elected Board of Education that they are "sound," or sufficiently patriotic to be trusted with children will hesitate to give them anything but the most perfunctory instruction in such subjects as civics, sociology and history. The children will be compelled to accept every word that comes from the standard, approved texts of patriotic flavor as gospel truth. They will not be encouraged to ask questions, since the answers might get the teacher into trouble with a Board sitting in judgment on each word.

So far we have considered only the Federal salient of the attack on civil liberties. The offensive in the state legislatures is at once more diversified and more extreme. The very number of repressive bills now in progress towards enactment in forty of the forty-eight states defies close analysis. It is sufficient to take one example for consideration—the state of California. At the present writing, there are no less than twenty-four measures proposed or pending at Sacramento which, if enacted into law, will effectually Hitlerize one of the largest and wealthiest states in the union.

The Threat to California

ASSEMBLY BILL No. 108, for example, would set up a state-wide espionage system, providing weekly reports to the Bureau of Criminal Identification on all radical, labor and even mildly liberal organizations which express dissatisfaction with the present order of society—non-revolutionary groups would be included with Communists, anarchists or Left Wing Socialists. Assembly Bill No. 109 declares all radical meeting places to be public nuisances, subject to abatement by the police. Assembly Bill No. 107 would make the possession of any books, pamphlets or other writings which advocate changes in government a felony, bringing prison sentences and the destruction of such matter wherever found. Bill No. 41 declares that the advocacy of pacifism is also a felony, with heavy fines and prison sentences for punishment. Bill No. 3 orders that no teacher, whether publicly or privately employed, may teach Marxism, or "shield" any other person so doing—a measure which would add spying to the teachers' present duties toward the young. An amendment to the state constitution would deprive the jury in criminal libel trials of the right to determine the law and the fact of the alleged libel. This measure, if passed, would nullify a century or more of struggle for a more liberal and humane interpretation of libel, thus denying newspapers, magazines and other publications the right to criticize effectively the government in power.

California has been selected because the number of repressive measures proposed in that state exceeds the number proposed in others. Reactionary elements in the remaining states are not much less undemocratic in intention. Connecticut, now on its tercentenary being hailed as the "mother of Constitutionalism," has a bill proposed which would outlaw the creation or publication of any picture which tends to advocate changes in governmental forms. A bill already passed in three states and pending in seventeen would bar all Left Wing political parties from the ballot. Others provide for sweeping increase in repressive measures against radical labor movements or individuals.

The dangers of this new campaign against civil liberties are apparent. Some of the bills proposed are more openly threatening than others. Thus, it is easy to see that the McCormack Bill to protect the army and navy from seditious writing would cramp all expression of opinion in war time, and make heavy punishments madatory for even the most innocent breach of its provisions. Congressman Taylor's anti-alien bill would make it impossible for this country to receive even a foreign ambassador. Representative Dickstein's contribution to the safety of the nation would isolate us almost as effectively as Tibet is cut off from the world. Other measures, especially those aimed against Communists and other radicals, conceal a real menace to democracy under the commendable front of preventing violent revolution. It is almost axiomatic that the attack on fundamental liberties begins with an attack on radical and labor organizations. Hitler's first decrees were aimed at Communists and Socialists. The moment they were suppressed, the Fuehrer moved on to the annihilation of every democratic form that Germany possessed.

This is not to say that the Congressmen mentioned by name are disguised or potential Fuehrers. No one could be more explicit than they in praise of our democratic institutions. Their conduct however, and the conduct of their assistants and collaborators, does indicate a concerted attempt to stifle the flow of criticism directed against the present state of affairs in America. It is an extremely dangerous policy for the representatives of government to undertake. Not only does it liquidate the liberties and privileges of a century and a half of national independence, but it puts those people responsible for its inception in the position of confessing failure. Two years of the New Deal, with an overwhelmingly Democratic Congress and Senate, have not produced a tithe of the prosperity and contentment that were promised to the voters. Congress, in retreating to repression, shows its inability to face the discontent that is the natural outcome of this failure. Discontent expresses itself in the rise of radical or progressive organizations, in an increase in labor struggles, and in greatly stimulated discussion of governmental and social change. These things are symptoms of an underlying complaint. The present campaign against thought and opinion simply attacks the complaint at its surface appearance, as though a doctor were to prohibit a fever-ridden patient from showing a temperature.

But in spite of faulty logic and legal absurdities, the offensive against freedom of expression and association is under way. Most of Europe and all of Asia is already in the grasp of a paralysis of censorship and repression. The first wave of reaction has reached the United States. Europe and Asia, as the outcome of the new tyranny, are shaking on the edge of revolution and war. Are we preparing ourselves for a similar destiny?

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The Economic War

Reported by Edward H. Collins

There's no peace between nations. When army guns are silenced trade war begins. Here are the latest bulletins

THE ADMINISTRATION has been making a holy cause of its program of increasing imports of goods into this country as a condition necessary to larger exports. President Roosevelt and several Cabinet officers have tried by radio appeal and public pronouncement to sell this idea to the American people. Washington could not be swerved from its course by the domestic manganese interests when it came to signing a trade treaty with Brazil. But when the toes of one of the bigger industries, the textile, were trod on, the Administration's resolution weakened.

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America's Textile Snag

THE TROUBLE has arisen over the cotton textile imports from Japan which in the first two months exceeded the figure for the entire year 1934. This may sound like an ominous increase, but the fact is that the value of the sharply increased imports was only $398,000, or 7/10 of 1 per cent of domestic production. Against this gain in imports one may set an increase of approximately $4,000,000 in sales of raw cotton to Japan in the last eight months, during which period the value of the cotton sold to Japan was $82,358,000—more than the combined sales to England, Germany and France, the second, third and fourth largest buyers of American cotton.

Total sales of American goods to Japan are double American purchases from Japan. These figures are not cited in extenuation of the Japanese export sales methods. It can be noted, parenthetically, that Japan laid the cotton textiles down here at a price less than the American costs of production; but the experience with Japan is singled out for the light it throws on the practical difficulties involved in a country's effort to set aside trade restrictions.

Another indication of what happens to Secretary Hull's trade ideals when they come into contact with the tough reality of modern foreign trading conditions is to be found in the State Department's decision not to extend the trade concessions in the new commercial treaties to those countries which discriminate against American goods.

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Belgium Devalues in Vain

BELGIUM has at length given up the unequal struggle, cut the gold content of its currency by 28 per cent and put a Rooseveltian New Deal into effect. But it is a question how much Premier Van Zeeland can accomplish by the devaluation at this late stage.

In the first place, Belgium has been getting a close view of the cold shoulder of its old gold bloc allies, to whom the country stands no longer as a companion in misery but as a country using unfair competitive means. The devaluation has gone against the grain of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which reduced the gold value of its franc only 10 per cent and threatened to dissolve the Belgian-Luxemburg customs union.

In the second place, Great Britain raised by 50 per cent the tariff on steel imports for the single purpose of denying Belgian steel any advantage which devaluation of the belga might bring in the British market. In the third place, Holland declined to permit gold exports to Belgium. In the fourth place, Belgium had to promise the United States not to take unseemly advantage of the depreciated belga in offering goods to this country. So as not to upset the new reciprocal trade agreement with the United States Belgium gave assurance that close supervision would be exercised over prices on shipments abroad to prevent a disturbance in foreign markets. Finally, prices began to soar in Belgium so rapidly as to threaten to wipe out the export advantages conferred.

Not much was left, it can be seen, to show as real gains from the devaluation. The one incontestable benefit is a more attractive currency rate for tourists.

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France Boomed By Germany

THE REICH'S ANNOUNCEMENT of intention to revive the conscript army may have produced consternation in the French Foreign Office, but it has been something of a boon to French industry. Owing almost entirely to increased activity in factories working directly or indirectly for national defense, unemployment in France decreased 23,000, or about 5 per cent, in a few short weeks.

In two weeks after Germany made public avowal of its intent to rearm, the shares of the big armament works, Schneider-Creusot, rose 20 per cent in value, while chemical stocks had gains ranging from 8 to 13 per cent. France forbade exports of raw materials that might be used for national defense, and textile exports to Germany were curtailed by state action. Although negotiations for a commercial treaty with Chile had only lately fallen through, discussions were reopened looking toward large copper purchases by France for manufacture of munitions.

Beyond doubt, considerations of national defense are destined to play an increasingly important part in the economic life of the nations of Europe, if not, indeed, of other parts of the world as well. In furtherance of these nationalistic policies, France has just concluded a four months' conference in Paris with the nations in its colonial empire. A program of production and exchange of 700 French and Colonial products was drawn up with a view to making the empire as self-sufficient as possible. Plans were laid for the expenditure of 15,000,000,000 francs for colonial development.

In a determined effort to recapture some of the tourist trade lost to cheap currency countries, France has decided to reduce the charges for passport visas and to cut railroad fares for tourists 60 per cent from May 28 to the end of the first week of July and 40 per cent in the last three weeks of July.

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Germany to Export Munitions

THE REST of the world can expect keener competition from German exports now that the Reich army is to be placed on a conscript basis and the manufacture of armaments is to be speeded up. That war machine can be equipped and maintained only be heavier purchases of raw materials abroad, and, since Germany

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has no gold and foreign exchange to spare, it is only with increased exports that the purchases can be made. In this connection it is worthy of note that the Reich Ministry of Finance is allowed about $80,000,000 in the new budget to promote German foreign trade.

Those profiting most from the large armament expenditures, are of course, the munitions manufacturers. That they are doing pretty well is suggested by the fact that Krupp is building a new factory north of Berlin. Their productive capacity is large enough to supply not only the large and growing German demands but to have a quantity left over for export, too. The German Minister at Addis Ababa has been instructed by the Reich, anxious to cut in on the Abyssinian orders for munitions now going chiefly to Belgium and Czechoslovakia, to offer Emperor Haile Selassie 300 German armored cars on long term credit.

Within the Reich, munitions are being stored in "potato cellars" and "game reserves," and buildings are being restricted to one flagpole and one small flag as a means of conserving the wool. In consequence, France, uninterested in helping Germany to meet the increased need for wool in the manufacture of army clothing, has stopped wool exports to the Reich.

The 200,000,000 mark medium term credit to Soviet Russia, long under consideration, has finally been extended.

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China Offended By the U. S.

FOR THE SAKE of subsidizing silver mining, an industry ordinarily of less importance to the national economy in value of production than the manufacture of Eskimo pies, the United States hastens to disaffect China.

Chinese language publications have begun to agitate for a boycott of American goods in retaliation for the harm inflicted on Chinese economy by the bidding up of the price of silver by the United States. The Chinese government has concluded its arrangement with the United States for a $50,000,000 credit to buy cotton and wheat. Only one-third of the credit was used, and only $10,000,000 of it was used for the purchase of cotton.

Chinese cotton manufacturers find it increasingly difficult to compete with Japanese textiles because of the steady appreciation of Chinese exchange as against the cheap yen. To protect itself against the deflationary effects of the advancing price of silver, the Chinese government has persuaded the leading national bankers to enter into a gentlemen's agreement not to export silver.

The three principal banks of China, the Bank of China, Central Bank of China and Bank of Communications, have been brought under government control and their capital has been bolstered by funds advanced by the government. With this sway over the banks controlling 67 per cent of the note issue, the Nanking government is in a position, when and as the crisis deepens, to suspend redemption of silver notes.

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Jap Tactics in South America

SECRETARY HULL has opposed American participation in agreements equalizing trade between two countries on the ground that trade for the United States is a triangular question, the deficits in trade with raw material producing Latin America being counterbalanced by the favorable balance in trade with Europe. Japan is, therefore, not making the mistake Germany did of proposing a bilateral agreement, but is, instead, suggesting a triangular agreement involving the United States, Japan and certain Latin American countries.

Japan is making a strong play for the Central and South American markets and is becoming slightly miffed at the "machinations of United States business interests" in those countries "against Japanese trade." The Foreign Office at Tokio, in a statement to the Japanese press, has accused American business men, who are allegedly fearful that Japan will capture the Central and South American markets, of encouraging those countries to adopt restrictive measures.

The Japanese foreign office may be referring to Cuba, where very high tariff increases have just been decreed against countries with whom Cuba has an unfavorable trade balance. The new tariffs would strike a heavy blow at Japanese trade with Cuba. The trade figures for the first two months hardly bear out the contention of serious interference with the Japanese invasion of the Latin American market, however, for in the first two months of this year Japan sold 20,730,000 yen of goods to that part of the world, compared with 12,238,000 yen a year ago.

Japan would have the United States, for example, buy Brazilian coffee and sell cotton to Japan, leaving the latter free to sell textiles to Brazil. The Japanese Chamber of Commerce at Buenos Ayres has put out a report urging Argentina to extend its cotton production to a much larger scale. Japan is planning to have its diplomats in South America assemble in Rio de Janeiro to discuss ways of improving Japanese trade on that continent.

Tokio is making a real effort to improve economic relations with Bulgaria.

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The Italian War is Military

THE GESTURES toward war which have been made in Europe this year have perhaps made a greater difference to the Italian economy than to that of any other nation, even Germany. For Italy has a many-sided interest in the armaments race.

It is outfitting a rather large expedition to Abyssinia. It is trying to keep step with the European powers in maintaining their military and naval advantages in the face of the increase in German armament. It is getting ready to supply the heavier armament requirements of its wards, Austria and Hungary, as planned in the Stresa agreement. There is small wonder, then, that the munitions factories in northern Italy are running three shifts a day.

The increase in the size of the Italian army through the calling of additional classes to the colors is helping to cut down on unemployment. When volunteers were sought for the Abyssinian campaign, unemployed workers receiving government relief were stricken off the rolls if they did not enlist.

Professor Salvemini has recently informed the world of the true extent of the budgetary deficits in Italy in the last decade. The state of the government finances can only be made worse by the current outlays for the larger army and the heavier armaments. It is estimated that the Abyssinian dress parade will cost no less than 300,000,000 lire. How the Italian resources can be stretched to support an army of 600,000 men, support the Abyssinian adventure, handle the armament expenditures and carry on the usual public works programs is a question.

Government bond prices, in fact, had been declining, and the Bank of Italy cut its bank rate, though its gold reserve was only two points above the legal minimum, in an effort to inject new life into the market. The import restrictions are reducing the adverse trade balance a small amount, but at the same time the shortage of imported goods is serving to raise prices—a most unwelcome development.

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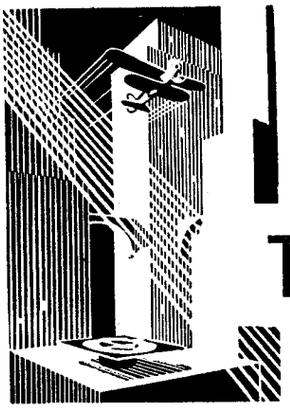

"Beside large discussions forget not little ones, especially those inciting to laughter, for with kind eyes, trained to see both near and far, one gains a new outlook on life."

Talk of the Nation

Progress Reports

ON MOTHER: While receiving the news that scientists have found in the pituitary gland the hormone that produces the maternal instinct, with all proper enthusiasm for the possible reclamation of mothers who desert their children, we are forcibly reminded of the celebrated experiment of Michael Faraday in which he analyzed a mother's tears, finding that they consisted of salt and water. This, he quaintly observed, told nothing of their true character.

•

ON BEVERAGES: Time works wonders. Above the information desk in the American History Room of the New York Public Library is a large, handsome lithograph incidentally called Custer's Last Fight but mainly entitled Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. It was originally one of a series prepared by that concern for faithful saloon-keepers among its patrons to hang over bars. It's really very good.

•

ON MILITARY SECRETS: Factory at Washington Navy Yard Rushes New Mystery Gun—Two hundred and fifty Rapid-Fire 5-inch Cannon for Destroyers *Worden, Hull, Macdonough* and *Alwyn,* Forty other Ships of the Same Type Now in Service and Others to be Built—New Weapon About Fifteen Feet Long Has Range of 20,000 Yards. Thus the newspaper headlines; and for photographs see any American picture service. In a few weeks, however, expect to hear of arrest of two Japanese spies with umbrellas and Brownie cameras taking stale pictures of honorable same. Life is like that.

EVERYONE BUT THE BABY has heard the story of the cub reporter who returned from the wedding with the report that nothing happened—the bride didn't show up; but then, perhaps that's something else again.

In New York City the landscape architects entrusted with the familiar job of rearranging and shifting the skyline, have been preparing a cavity beside West 34th Street, to be filled in due course with a large bus terminal. On the way down they uncovered a tunnel, enclosed by concrete, about eight feet in diameter and perhaps sixty feet long. The find, immensely provocative to romancers, at once gave rise to speculation about buried treasure and "underground railroads" for runaway slaves.

To settle the matter the New York *Sun* outfitted a reporter with a flashlight and sent him to get the facts regardless. The reporter lowered himself into the tunnel and cautiously proceeded. He found some old car fenders, a fungus plant and a white electric insulator. There was, he said in his published story, no treasure.

And yet, in that same published narrative he unwittingly let fall a clue to the fact that in that damp, eerie place was a treasure rarer than the Kohinoor, more precious than rubies. "Water seeped through the concrete here and there," he noted, "and from the roof hung *stalagmites* . . ."

•

Prologue

THE WORLD IS ALWAYS SEEKING men of clear vision and simple, direct statement, to interpret the masses of supposedly useful advice that have piled up in all professions over the years; and it is with a feeling of combined gratitude and veneration that one opens *"The Prologue to Nomostatistics,"* by George H. Jaffin, which is a reprint from the January, 1935, issue of the *Columbia Law Review,* and which apparently is a digest of the methods by which engineers, bankers, sociologists and others read with a relish those charts and tabulations of figures that give astigmatism to the rest of us. As Mr. Jaffin says:

"Reports form but a fragment of the totality of litigation generated in a disputatious society, and furnishes at best an unrepresentative, unrandom and unreliable sample thereof; that it is needful to delve deeper if the immense residual volume of litigation is to be analyzed, traced to its source spots in society and studied with reference to its correlative socio-economic set-up."

Despite the alleged improbability that there is an individual warehouse sufficiently capacious to protect the documentary agglutination of generations from the weathers of time, we may relegate to the mundane trash-basket of our own day, so to speak, sheafs of statistics collected by our forbears now that we possess *in extremis* and *in extenso,* this abridgement. In conclusion:

"A medley of variant techniques in polyphonic counterpoint may serve to counteract the monotony of nonism. Too often has inertia caused the professional specialist to face many-sided problems from the exclusive viewpoint of the technique in which he has become expert. This specialization along technological lines produces a single-track kind of thinking, which in turn leads to a single terminus—a one-sided monoism 'ism' of this or that variety. Becoming conversant with several techniques is more a matter of sheer versatility or virtuosity; a polytechnical philosophy requires a many-sided perspective and, by forcing thought through several channels, it becomes more conducive to eclectic synthesis."

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Theatre for the Deaf

A LITTLE MOVIE THEATRE with 365 seats (shouldn't that number always read 365¼?), each of which is provided with an acoustical device for the hard of hearing, has just been opened in Chicago. To this believe-it-or-not and strange-as-it-seems item about a playhouse for the deaf, Robert L. Ripley and John Hix may add something about the occasional performances that A. H. Woods and other New York managers have staged for the blind. When that is done we will consider topping the list of such entertainment for persons deprived of special senses, with an account of the numerous productions made on Broadway each year for persons without taste.

•

Danger Averted

AMONG "THE EMERGENT PHENOMENA OF OUR TIME" that have engaged our attention without heretofore requiring any comment, has been the effect of changing the name of a branch of municipal service of one of our larger villages from the *Department of Street Cleaning* to the *Department of Sanitation*. We do not mean just the soothing of the euphemistically inclined who prefer to know their bull as a gentleman cow and to read their cuss words as dashes and minus the "n's," but the economic consequence of labeling city property with D. S. instead of D. S. C., which, when one considers the hundreds of trucks, pushcarts and tool chests, and the thousands of corner waste-paper receptacles, is seen to mean the saving of many gallons of good, weather-resisting paint. With a very little imagination one may see how such an economy might not only cut down the amount of materials ordinarily contracted for, but further discriminate against labor by making unnecessary the jobs of a couple of painters. To our great relief, however, we find, by the evidence of the newest street trash baskets, that the emergency has been met and the amount of labor and paint actually increased by adding to the D. S. the highly appropriate extra initials N. Y.

•

Medicine Man

THE OLD-FASHIONED CORN DOCTOR and Indian root man has gone from our midst, and a pretty good thing, too, but a modern counterpart has taken his place. The older kind has become a picturesque relic, and you can only see him reproduced in some of the more classy advertising layouts, sometimes in shows, and we believe Henry Ford has a medicine man's outfit—tent, Indian costume, buckboard, bottles and all—in one of his museums. A new variety, as we said, has taken his place—and they're scientific. This is a scientific age, so the old quaint stuff is gone and in its place you hear about radio-therapy, secret vitamins, invisible rays and the like. The line is new and educated, as befits an educated, progressive public.

These thoughts are prompted by an encounter recently enjoyed with one of the modern practitioners of the wholesale healing art. The encounter took place in one of those pleasant spots for encounters—the neighborhood beer parlor. We were having a quiet glass of beer, and so was an impressive looking gentleman standing beside us. The gentleman was feeling expansive, and spoke to us; nice day. Yes, looked good for the week-end; (pause) how did things in Europe look to us; what did we think about business?

This last was obviously our new friend's cue, skillfully planted by himself. Business, he began, was all in the way it affected you. Some people could complain and others couldn't—and he was one of those who couldn't. No sir, business was good. And what's more, he had found out a truth. He had found out that if you had something to sell the people needed, and knew how to sell it, business was always good.

We made the right sounds of congratulation, and what might the business be? It was, our friend replied, simply this: Life, a New Life. Not life insurance, but Life, being alive. That was what he was selling, in fact had just sold a good slice of it, and was also why he was celebrating just now. Thousands of people were dying all the time needlessly, and while you raised your glass of beer to your mouth probably half a dozen lives were being laid down before their time.

The four greatest causes of untimely decline in the United States are, it seems, heart disease, the common cold, hay-fever, and constipation. They have baffled science for years, the best brains in the profession. Our friend had conquered them, and in the most natural way possible. It was done by vapor, vapor chemically produced and electrically controlled. What was heart disease except failure or difficulty in breathing? Or the cold or hay-fever—and here was something new, so was the other ailment. This little electric stove (we looked at a drawing hurriedly executed in beer on the bar-top) did the trick, and these chemicals. For heart trouble, something stimulating, perhaps digitalis, or a touch of strychnine. For the cold and hay-fever, oils—chiefly from whales. For the final trouble, kerosene—unpleasant, but the only one he had found yet. At the basis of them all mercury, which was what made the outfit a little expensive. One hundred dollars for the whole business. Could he sell them at that price? Yes indeed. He had just sold four. Here were three checks and a hundred dollar bill, if we wanted to see.

We looked at them. The checks looked good. We couldn't tell about the hundred dollar bill.

•

Spies

EVERYBODY KNOWS how efficient the German spies were in the last World War. Everybody knows too that another war is imminent, and that it is quite likely Germany will be in some way or other involved. It brought back a shiver of the old apprehension then, when we saw a banner headline on a recent issue of a metropolitan newspaper, to this effect: "HITLER SPIES FLOOD LONDON, PARIS." It reminded us of those fearful days when there was one of the Kaiser's agents in every delicatessen and every beer parlor.

Reading the lead on the story made it worse. Let us quote: "London, April —: German spies, working undetected in Paris and London for the past eight months, have mapped the subways in both cities to provide the German War Office with information as to the strategic locations for gas attacks. This fact has been known to French and British officials for several months, but the knowledge has not been made public for fear that panic would follow among the people of London and Paris and force immediately warlike action."

What wily fellows these Prussian militarists are! Imagine them having London and Paris just packed with agents mapping the subways for future gas attacks. Our horror is somehow mixed with this outlandish speculation: didn't it occur to the German War Office that there might be a simpler way to do the job—that all they had to do was write to any office of the London Underground or the Paris Métro for a map, which would have been mailed postpaid and free of charge?

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BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5
REMINGTON PORTABLE
10¢ A DAY

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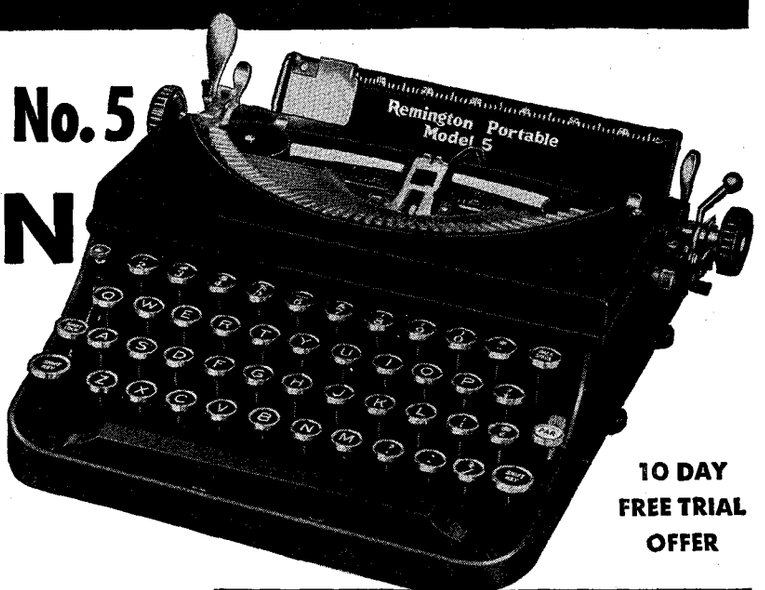

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● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; Standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

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Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. A typewriter helps put your ideas on paper in logical, impressive form..helps you write clear, understandable sales reports, letters, articles, or stories. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

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If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas, or graduation... one that Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come... give a Remington Portable. It's the one gift that can be used with both pleasure and profit by every member of the family.

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New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We cannot possibly guarantee this low price in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say . . . "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy...buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built...includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy ... unequalled economy in first cost . . . unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

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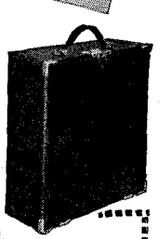
The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE FREE

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it ... ABSOLUTELY FREE... a 18-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE FREE

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.



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Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

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TRIFLE STRONGER
LITTLE DRYER
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Blends good ingredients into better drinks. TWO STYLES—Cora Italian Vermouth, made in Italy; Cora French (dry) Vermouth, made in France.

Try the Cora Continental

Use highball glass—1 jigger Italian, 1 jigger French, twist of lemon peel dropped in glass, lump of ice, dash of seltzer.

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Correspondence

(*Continued from page* 6)

all engaged in the same field of endeavor, never incorporate persons whose work is finished, or who are dead.

Harriet Johnson, mentioned by the above correspondent, is dead—has been for some time.

Dr. Abigail Eliot is not primarily a nursery school leader. Her work has been largely confined among poor and ill children. The Nursery School, as it is technically understood in America, is not for handicapped or under-privileged children. It is simply an educational center for the study and training of children from the ages of one to six. The Nursery School is what its name implies—a school, and neither a charitable institution nor a hospital or convalescent home. It is not to be confused with the kindergarten school.

Patty Smith Hill is not, never has been, a Nursery School leader or teacher. Her work has been entirely in the kindergarten field where her contributions have been very great. Miss Hill was never at any time a "director of the Department of Nursery Schools at Columbia." There is no such department in the university. The institute of Child Development, which is the center of Columbia's work in the Nursery School field, was headed, first by Helen T. Woolley, and at present by Lois Hayden Meek, both of whom were fully depicted in *"They Train the Young Idea."* It was not Miss Hill, but Miss Edna White who invited Miss Owen's pupil, Emma Henton, to Detroit. Miss Owen was not "at Columbia for several years," nor at any time. Miss Hill did not "invite her to New York or anywhere else." The statement that "Teachers College has furthermore maintained continuously, under the direction of Miss Hill, a department for training nursery school teachers" is also wrong. Miss Hill has had nothing to do with the training of nursery school teachers, nor does Columbia University, nor Teachers College, its subsidiary, maintain "a department for training nursery school teachers." Most colleges interested in this work do not maintain departments for the training of nursery school teachers but have nursery schools themselves where the primary concern is with the children, and only secondarily with the training of nursery school teachers. "To date," said the original NEW OUTLOOK article, "only a handful of nursery schools exist in England." Compared with the number in the United States, this is perfectly true. Today in America something like 2,000 such schools are in operation; England possesses perhaps 100.

The author of the NEW OUTLOOK article, *"They Train the Young Idea,"* has long been familiar, through close family connections, with Helen T. Woolley, universally recognized as one of the pioneers and leaders in the nursery school movement in America. He is personally acquainted with many of the active workers in this field and who were discussed in his article.—Ed.

More Progress Reports

ON FOND RECOLLECTIONS: We leave it to the psychologists to explain why, but in every neighborhood there is at least one gentleman who has long since relinquished the joys of the flowing bowl but who, nevertheless, likes to linger in enraptured gaze before the window display of the local liquor store. We asked one thus afflicted about it, and he insisted that the lure was somewhere in the variety of the brands, the complexity of the shapes and the decline of the prices. Thoughts of the bush, the sparkle and the inspiration had never occurred to him, he said.

ON HOROLOGY: Speaking of time, the venerable and beautiful "Book of the Hours" must now give place, it appears, to Hugh S. Johnson's *"The Blue Eagle: From Egg to Earth."* The current popular window display for bookstores on the General's *opus* is a huge clock branded "The Book of the Hour," which as an advertising brainstorm is *kalossal* enough; but the curious fact is that each clock is set at a different time. When a jeweler has a stopped clock painted for his sign he has an agreed hour which, if recollection serves us in this present confirmed habit of looking ahead, preserves the exact second at which a beloved monarch died. In the present case, however, one bookstore has it twenty minutes to three; another prefers two minutes past six and a third favors five minutes short of four. Has anybody got the time—the General departed?

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"How Can POSTAL LIFE Give So Much Insurance For Only $1.00 A Month!!"

Jane: "How can Postal Life give you so much insurance for only $1 a month? You are 28 years old, and you tell me that under their plan you can get $1,003 of old line, legal reserve life insurance at this low rate."

Jim: "That's easy to understand. Postal sells direct-by-mail and has no agents or branch office expenses to pay. These savings are passed on to me.

"Now take this Dollar Policy. It was especially designed by Postal to meet existing unsettled conditions. So many people feel they can't afford insurance, so Postal devised this policy that calls for payments of only $1 a month for the first five years. I don't have to pay the permanent rate of $2 a month until the beginning of the sixth year, when conditions should be much better and my earnings considerably improved."

Jane: "That sounds like a very sensible plan, but while you pay only one dollar a month do you get full coverage—does your policy protect me with the same amount of insurance that the $2 permanent rate buys?"

Jim: "Absolutely! That's the beauty of it. I get full coverage all the time except for the first six months when I receive half coverage."

Jane: "That's a lot of insurance to get for a dollar a month and we certainly can afford that—but is it difficult to take out a policy direct with Postal? What do you have to do?"

Jim: "The easiest thing in the world. I just fill in and clip the coupon from this Postal 'ad,' enclose a dollar to cover my first month's premium, and mail it to the Postal Life Insurance Company. And I get my money back if my application is not accepted.

"And another thing, if we can afford $2 a month we can buy twice as much insurance under this plan, or for $3 a month, three times as much. There's no limit to the amount we can take out."

What You Receive for a Monthly Premium of—

Present Age	$1 a mo. now, buys	$2 a mo. now, buys	Present Age	$1 a mo. now, buys	$2 a mo. now, buys
21	$1,194.	$2,388.	34	$840.	$1,680.
22	1,167.	2,334.	35	813.	1,626.
23	1,140.	2,280.	36	786.	1,572.
24	1,112.	2,224.	37	759.	1,518.
25	1,085.	2,170.	38	734.	1,468.
26	1,057.	2,114.	39	708.	1,416.
27	1,030.	2,060.	40	682.	1,364.
28	1,003.	2,006.	41	657.	1,314.
29	976.	1,952.	42	632.	1,264.
30	948.	1,896.	43	607.	1,214.
31	921.	1,842.	44	583.	1,166.
32	894.	1,788.	45	559.	1,118.
33	866.	1,732.			

If this policy does not fit your needs, Postal issues other standard forms, ages 10 to 60 inclusive.

Jane: "That's great. I always thought buying insurance was complicated. I see it's easy to save money the Postal way. Now tell me something about Postal."

Jim: "Postal Life is an Old Line company that has been providing legal reserve insurance direct-by-mail for thirty years to thousands of thrifty, sensible people in every State in the Union. Postal has paid out more than $42,000,000 to its policyholders and their families. It operates under the New York State insurance law, and, doing business by mail, is subject to U. S. postal regulations."

MAIL COUPON—POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

The coupon below will give YOU, too, the insurance protection your family requires. Save money—get the most insurance for what you spend by buying the DIRECT way—without agents.

A dollar a month will buy $1194 of insurance at age 21, $813 at age 35, and so on. For the amount a dollar buys at your age, see table below. Enclose $1, $2 or $3 for the amount of insurance you want and mail with the coupon to the address below NOW. Don't wait—tomorrow is so uncertain.

TEAR OFF—MAIL TODAY

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., C. H. Jackson, Pres.
Dept. WWC33, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I wish to apply for a life insurance policy in accordance with your offer.

My exact date and year of birth is.....

My occupation is.....

I wish to pay a premium of $..... per month. This entitles me to $..... worth of insurance. I enclose the first month's premium which will be returned to me if my application is not accepted.

Name .....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

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RADIO

(*Continued from page* 10)

process did not take very long. Nor was it very difficult. The discoverer did not have to wait for recognition, nor struggle against a skeptical world. In fact, his audience met him much more than half way—had been waiting for just his (or someone else's) initiative to start its enthusiasm rolling. And when Major Bowes a few weeks ago extended his program, put it on the national hookup, and accepted a sponsor, the reaction of millions of fans was enough to gladden the heart.

Vaudeville proved the virtues of the amateur night. The wonder is chiefly that radio did not take the institution up before. Technically and psychologically, it might have been created by an all wise Providence just for radio. Movies cannot do it, since the expense of making a film and its comparatively longer life are prohibitive. On the legitimate stage, non-professional talent can only be used through Little Theatres, Group Movements and the like. But radio is perfectly fitted to the amateur show. It has a network of production points—the stations—that can be reached from almost anywhere. Its expenses are constant, in the sense that mechanical costs remains the same for whatever program is produced. Radio's audience does not demand the continuity or the solidity of a plot structure required from stage and screen. The demand is for the opposite, for constant variety within the program unit. Above all, the radio audience likes an easy and intimate atmosphere in the productions it listens to. Radio entertainment is distributed directly in the home. Accordingly, to win listener's hearts and telephone calls, the program can hardly be too folksy.

The amateur hour fits in with radio's limitations and peculiar abilities. It has also been a blessed relief to harassed program makers. When his present sponsor took over Major Bowes' hour, it was freely said that the advertising agency in charge hardly knew another direction in which to turn for new material. The product had been on the air for years; it had run the radio gamut from comedians to Grand Opera. Finally one executive hit upon the solution.

It is easy to understand. The amateur hour is simplicity itself to run, to say nothing of its cheapness. It requires simply a genial, yet forceful master of ceremonies, a gong, and a station. The geniality is an obvious ingredient. It keeps the volunteer stars happy and reasonably free from mike-fright, and the audience in a cheerful and responsive mood. Forcefulness, together with the gong, prevents the worst performers from competing.—C.F.

BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 10)

But Basso was concerned first with life in New Orleans in *"Relics and Angels,"* with Louisiana generally in *"Cinnamon Seed,"* and is reported to be preparing a volume of sketches dealing with the whole complex realm south of the Line.

The three recent novels of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell, have revealed some decided limitations in these authors from whom a great deal was expected. For these books are far, almost out of sight, below the level of the best productions of their authors. *"Journeyman"* does not approach Caldwell's *"God's Little Acre"; "He Sent Forth a Raven"* seems incredible as the work of the author of *"The Time of Man"*; Faulkner's *"Pylon"* has none of the crackling unexpectedness of *"The Sound and the Fury"* or the deep disgust and terror of *"Sanctuary."*

Caldwell's *"Journeyman"* published in a limited edition, reads like a parody of Caldwell's novels. The story of a lustful preacher who disrupts a household, intimidates his host with an unearthly ease, and sets the whole countryside to gallivanting after him like so many bedazzled rats in pursuit of a Pied Piper, is in spots so grotesque that it takes on a humor not to be found in the text.

Elizabeth Madox Robert's *"He Sent Forth A Raven,"* is even more grotesque, largely because, in detail, it is a finished and polished piece of work. It deals in the most extravagant terms with an individualist who vows never to set foot on God's earth after his wife's death, is almost eccentric where it is not baffling. Somewhere between the polished sentences of *"He Sent Forth a Raven"* a plot and a message lie hidden; an argument against war and—apparently—for some kind of collectivism, occasionally peeks out demurely. But it is difficult to say just what Miss Roberts is driving at, and although the momentum of her reputation may carry her across this book, it can scarcely be called encouraging.

"Pylon" is in a different category of effort. It is a story, also confused, turgid, complex, of a group of daredevil aviators who risk their necks for small stakes in an air meet in the South. The purposeless violence that has been so conspicuous in Faulkner's earlier works has a more rational basis in *"Pylon"*—the aviators are presented as speed-drugged, dehumanized machines with crankcase oil flowing through their veins—but the method of expression, the involved, almost secretive prose, the elaborate and by no means invariably apt metaphors that coil and unwind throughout the book, make it far giddier and more extreme than anything Faulkner has given us.

—Robert Cantwell

PRESS

(*Continued from page* 10)

If Mr. Lippmann is right, and vagueness and uncertainty in official communiques are a factor in maintaining European peace at the moment, the information spread by rival correspondents working under the handicap of tapping "official" or "unofficial" sources, but always tapping them "unofficially," can achieve the exactly opposite effect. Such a press contretemps almost brought about an official, open break in the case of the Stresa meeting.

After the confusion at Stresa, the boys moved on to the confusion at Geneva. Here the two successful types—the interpretative, embodied in H. R. Knickerbocker, covering for Hearst's International News Service, and the king of conference legmen, that indomitable and peppery former acting manager editor of the *New York Times,* Frederick T. Birchall—produced equally good results.

With no official communique to guide him, and two whole days before the League Council went into formal session to consider France's protest against Germany's violation of the Treaty of Versailles, Knickerbocker cabled, "Europe's statesmen hurried into Geneva today full of Stresa solidarity, and agreed to shake a warning finger at Germany's new army of half a million men." Four days later the League Council shook its finger—by a vote of 13 to 0.

On April 16, the able Mr. Birchall cabled a story with a disarming cub-like lead which practically said, "All is confusion can learn nothing." But he was merely discribing the surface scene. With that description out of the way, he proceeded for a column and a half in great detail to tell us who is negotiating secret treaties with whom, even revealing the nature of the treaties, whether they will be unilateral or bilateral, and in many instances what they will guarantee.—F.W.

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SCREEN

(*Continued from page* 10)

hands of the theatrically expert. It is interesting to observe that in the advertising of this subject, Mr. Arliss is hailed as adding his interpretation to those of a long line of stars from whose listed names is conspicuously lacking that of William Charles Macready, the great actor for whom the play was originally written.

Another old-timer which has been on the screen in one version or another almost continuously for quarter of a century, is Hugo's *"Les Miserables,"* with Frederic March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as the relentless Javert. This latest picture is stirring and worthy, but mainly because of the noble springs provided by the great French romanticist. Both March and Laughton are splendid artists proved by their admirable parts for which they must have seemed unsuited.

Out of a more recent yesterday comes Edith Ellis's play *"Mary Jane's Pa,"* that served so long on the stage for Henry E. Dixey. This time the featured players are the same two who gave such admirable performances in the most recent *"Babbit"*—Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee; and what they have to offer is thoroughly human and diverting. Nor must we forget, in the realm of a broader comedy, the resurrection of *"McFadden's Flats,"* furbished up to serve the talents of Betty Furness and Richard Cromwell.

There are horror plays for those who like their marrow chilled, but no more than enough to serve as a sauce for the talkie banquet set for May. Boris Karloff, who in the matter of repertory seems destined to be only a kind of Hollywood ghoul, has a typical Karloff subject in *"The Bride of Frankenstein."* It conveys the desired amount of horror, although Mrs. Shelley might experience a little more than falls to others if she could see what her original *tour de force* has started. Advertising confuses Frankenstein with his lonely monster as per usual. This is not to say, however, that her famous story also is responsible for *"The Werewolf of London,"* starring Henry Hull. Hull started that for himself, by his remarkable makeup in the stage play, *"Tobacco Road."*

From pictures like that, one falls into a shuddering state, comparable with what must have been produced on the first persons to hear of the ingenious Englishman who used to cook up his victims in mutton pies. There is always the danger in that sort of endeavor that the audience may miss from the total effect the hand of the artist. But for the finicky persons who may raise that objection, there is a particularly nerve-wracking picture made from Phyllis Bottome's novel of the same name, *"Private Worlds."* The setting is a madhouse, and it should startle those who like their morbid thrills, down to their toes. The principal players are Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett and Charles Boyer.

But how easy it is for those who scorn the gourmets to turn to the musicals. Here is the novel *"Magnolia,"* by that beloved American, Booth Tarkington, brought to life and dressed in pleasant tunes—a showboat story entitled *"Mississippi,"* presenting W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby together, with a host of others, laughing, smiling, rollicking in one grand panorama of a life now gone. Here, also, is the first great master of the talkie, Al Jolson, with his wife, Ruby Keeler, in an apotheosis of rhythm blazoned on the theatre markee as *"Go Into Your Dance"*; and there is *"My Heart is Calling,"* starring Jan Kiepura, one of the sweetest voiced singers ever brought to Hollywood from overseas.

Or drop in to see a good film farce like *"Traveling Saleslady."* In this one, an admirable team composed of Joan Blondell and Hugh Herbert evoke plenty of laughter through the adventures of a group that endeavors to market a whisky-flavored toothpaste.

"Star of Midnight," with William Powell and Ginger Rogers, is the inevitable detective story, this one coming almost to the level of *"The Thin Man"*; *"I'll Love You Always,"* with Nancy Carroll, fills the place reserved for the very human sentimental story of the young couple struggling to get along in a big city, and *"West Point of the Air,"* with Wallace Beery, is the patriotic touch, with plenty of speeches on preparedness, loyalty to the flag and the ancient spirit of the flying corps.

—A.E.K.

STAGE

(*Continued from page* 10)

Cain's or Somebody Else's storehouse. At the same time, the visitor to town will hear the drama-wise talking particularly of two recent "straight" sunbursts on the theatrical horizon. Continuing the metaphor, one is a twin star, being the double bill authored by Clifford Odets, consisting of *"Waiting for Lefty,"* a one-acter on the recent taxi strike, and *"Till the Day I Die,"* a one-act defiance of Hitler's Nazis; and the other is *"Ceiling Zero,"* Frank Wead's aviation hit of the hour, produced by Brock Pemberton.

Clifford Odets is the young actor who wrote the highly successful *"Awake and Sing,"* which still runs to excellent houses. His *"Waiting for Lefty"* attracted considerable attention when presented at special performances during the winter. The other subject, now given with it, continues to promise that Mr. Odets will move shortly to the front rank of our native dramatists.

"Ceiling Zero" is also excellent theatre, if in the more conventional sense. Its particular appeal to the public is in the fascinating first look it gives playgoers into the marvelous new world of aviation.

A striking trend indicates that the summer theatres from now until September will serve less generally as tryout laboratories for Broadway. In earlier years the established stock companies in the outlying cities performed this important service. As movies and other developing influences of the century wrecked the stock companies, the so-called "little theatres" run by amateurs were proud to be permitted the "creation" of a new play now and then in this manner. Also the function was gladly taken over by groups of vacationing actors.

Of late seasons, however, this plan has been worked up into a serious racket, in many cases enriching the tryout management and exploiting author and volunteer players. The manager there has either charged the author upwards of $500 for the tryout, or, what has been more usual, has demanded a share in royalties when the play reached Broadway on the ground that his own production had brought it to attention.

As this sharing plan is profitable only when the play concerned is a good one, and most experienced playwrights are becoming wary of paying heavily for so relatively small a service, and as, moreover, Broadway producers are willing to accept plays without having them tried out, or else themselves arrange the tryout after tentative acceptance of the given script, the racket is on the wane. To cap the situation, the Actors' Equity Association is about to insist that in these summer theatres where such tryouts occur, the professional actors shall be given more than room and board.—A.E.K.

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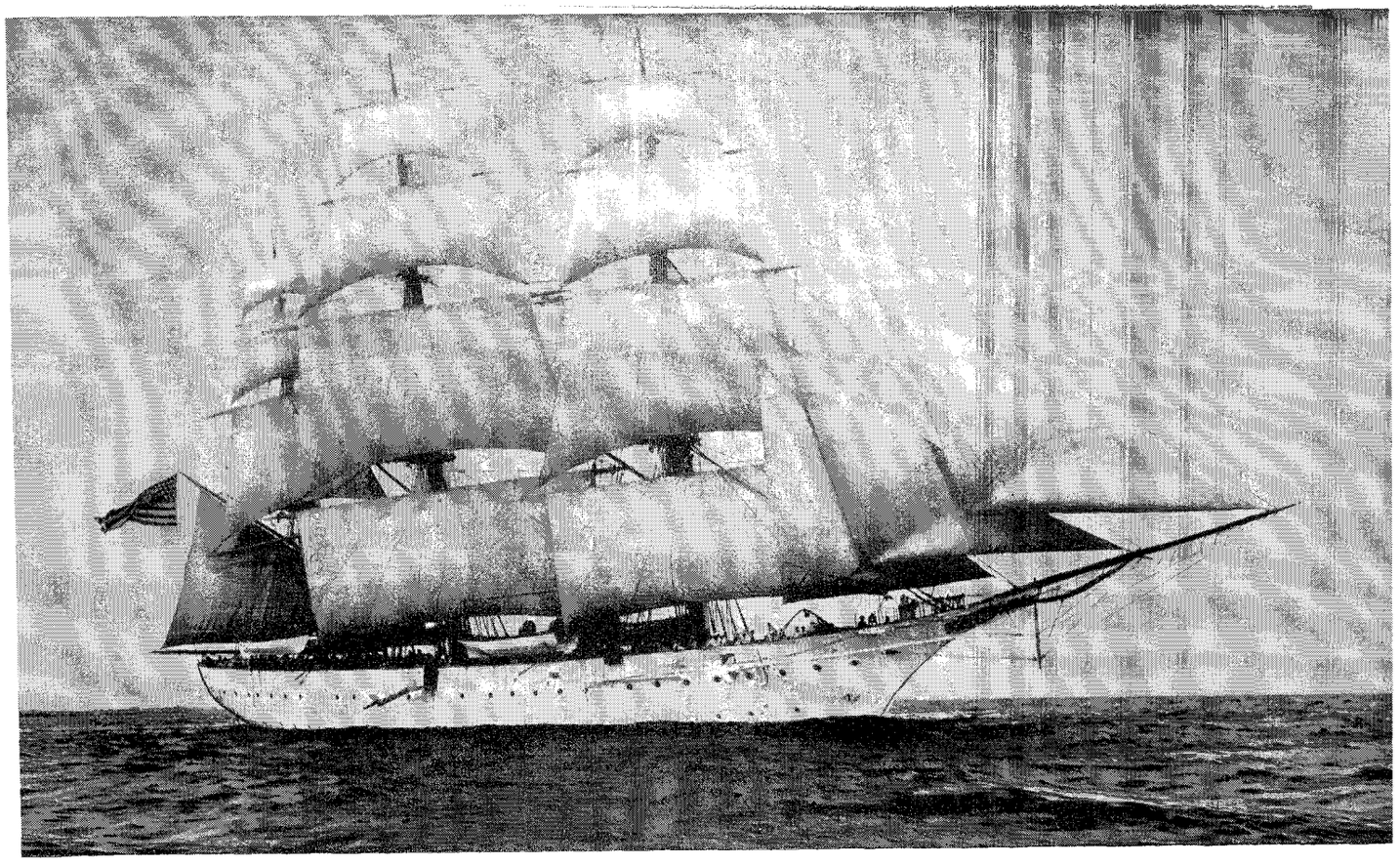

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Men of Comics

(*Continued from page 47*)

complete without a baby. The eventual prospect of a regiment of young Wallets is very great if the strip continues to hold its audience for many years to come. Skeezix is already away at military school, which gives King a chance to focus attention on the new child characters introduced into the strip.

CARL ED (*Harold Teen*). The makers of hats and garters have never been able to counteract the full effects of the fad which Ed (pronounced Eed) started in high schools and colleges all over the country some years ago by drawing Teen as a hatless and garterless individual. The craze for bell-bottom trousers was another of his creations. Like Branner who draws *Winnie Winkle,* Ed has been able to set many a new style in clothes through his strip. Teen and Lillums were the original sheik and sheba of cartoondom. The strip had a tough time in its infancy; no one thought much of it. Editors had been out of high school a long time and didn't see it. Newsdealers had never been to high school and didn't care. Ed received no letters of praise or criticism. The *Tribune* decided to drop *Harold Teen,* and did. Twelve thousand 'phone calls poured in within four days, and 4,000 letters followed. The high school crowd liked it, and *Teen* has remained as a unique, successful adolescent comic.

OTTO SOGLOW (*The Little King*). His success is sufficiently recent that his recollections of poverty and the sweatshops beneath New York's elevated are still vivid in his mind. He once decorated baby rattles in the squalor of one of those darkened sweatshops as a small boy; saved money from jobs as errand boy, office boy, shipping clerk, packer and machine operator to pay for drawing lessons at the Art Students' League. There he learned to be an illustrator and soon earned his living turning out such conventional hack work as cowboy pictures for Western magazines. Meanwhile, he developed a knowledge of form and movement to perfect a style of his own, the style of the street urchin lampooning his playmates with chalk on the brick walls of the city's buildings.

His *Little King* is simplicity itself, capitalizing on the incongruity of a royal personage at simple tasks, and using the ancient art of pantomime to convey each idea. In one typical sequence the Little King arises from his magnificent bed, walks down the sumptuously carpeted stairs in the marble halls of his great palace, has the drawbridge opened, and takes in the morning quart of milk even as any tenement house dweller. The first drawing of *The Little King* appeared in *The New Yorker.* It was not contemplated as a series. Editor Harold Ross called for another, then another; turned down six out of every eight of the early ones submitted, then made it a weekly feature until Hearst's King Features signed Soglow to a contract calling for a weekly Sunday page of *The Little King.* Although Editor Ross had printed the first drawing, and Soglow's character had been built to fame in *The New Yorker,* he had no legal copyright strings to the artist's work. Soglow and Will B. Johnstone, whose clever humor finds expression in a cartoon drawn daily for the New York *World Telegram,* are now toying with the Little King for a musical comedy. Johnstone wrote *Horse Feathers* and *Monkey Business* for the Marx Brothers, is funny at work and at play.

SOL HESS and W. A. CARLSON (*The Nebbs*). Hess was a Chicago jeweler with an idea that grotesque comic characters, with their daily gags ending with neatly drawn stars and "Zowie," "Glug," "Ump" and "Socko," were all wrong. He ate in a Chicago restaurant frequented by cartoonists, scraped up an acquaintance with Sidney Smith and several others, listened to their jokes for the privilege of grabbing the check. Later he suggested ideas for their strips, was soon credited with directing a major portion of the group's output. Yet none was willing to agree with his major premise: that comic characters should be real people living real lives. Tired of furnishing ideas for comics from which he was getting no return, Hess decided to write a strip of his own with someone else doing the drawing. *The Nebbs,* which W. A. Carlson draws, was the result. Hess's idea proved to be a gold mine for him, although some of his detractors who later switched to the *realism* theme have probably profited more. Few teams, with a writer on continuity and an artist on the drawing, have worked out successfully, but Hess and Carlson are an exception. Humorists without ability to draw have generally proved failures at comic stripping. Ring Lardner did the first strip without drawing it; it featured *Jack Keefe* with Richard Dorgan, Tad's brother, doing the drawing. Not only Lardner but Montague Glass, Anita Loos, H. C. Witwer, Will Rogers and others have tried their hands at strips, but all gave them up sooner or later.

MEN IN GENERAL

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to catalogue any characteristics common to all comic artists. Sometimes their stars rise rapidly, sometimes they plug along for years until they hit upon something to catch the public fancy, sometimes their stars set as rapidly as they rose. Such a top-notcher of a few years ago as Rube Goldberg, whose income exceeded $50,000 annually for many years, has passed out of the funny papers within the last year without even a handful of followers protesting to their newspaper editors. Goldberg's best work was done in a single panel, regardless of shape, and depended for a laugh on either exaggeration or understatement. His *Foolish Questions, I'm the Guy* and *Goldberg Inventions* tickled the fancy of millions of readers, and produced many expressions which have become a part of the language. Goldberg, with a sizeable fortune made, has settled down to write and play golf.

Scores of comic strips come and go within the span of a few years; syndicates are always on the alert for new ones, although hopeful artists file through their offices each year in a steady stream. Some of the new ones recently added or about to appear include: *Smokey,* a comic fireman created by William Elliot Holman for the Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate; *Hejji* by Theodore Seuss (Dr. Seuss) Geisel; *Ace Drummond* by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker (who cashes the checks for use of his name) and Clayton Knight; *Bring 'Em Back Alive* by Frank Buck and a ghost artist; *The Little King* by Otto Soglow; and *Little Nemo* by R. Winsor McCay. The latter five are for Hearst's King Features, the last is a revival of a favorite early comic character created by the late Winsor McCay. It will be revived by McCay's son, who was the original inspiration for the strip.

Although the Men of the Comics could assemble comfortably (barring temperamental outbreaks) in a relatively small room, those who aspire to their places would have difficulty crowding into the Yankee Stadium.

This is the second of a two-part series on "Men of Comics" by Mr. Berchtold. The first appeared in April.

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